THE TOP OF THE WINE-JAR

Frederic Rowland Marvin

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Frederic Rowland Marvin

THE TOP OF THE WINE-JAR

BEING SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM THE WRITINGS OF

FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN

GATHERED AND ARRANGED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LIVINGSTON STEBBINS

Nous avons donné à penser.

Wine is like scholarship: it ripens with age; and it is best from a fresh-opened jar. The top of the wine-jar, the bottom of the teapot, as the saying has it.

— CHINESE.

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TO
MY WIFE
EDNA STEBBINS
A RARE JEWEL IN AN
IMPERFECT SETTING

INTRODUCTION

America is truly enough said to be a land without culture, which is, I suppose, another way of saying that it is a country without tradition, inhabited by a people without leisure. What leisure some of us do have is for the most part unprofitably employed, being too little or recently removed, apparently, from the stress and strain of the business or occupation from which it has been wrested to permit of the contemplative cultivation of the arts and graces of life. We shall have to look to the children and grandchildren of the present generation for the imaginative perception and the æsthetic taste which will find in architecture, statuary, pictures and literature some of the amenities and satisfactions of life,— unless, perchance, in the turbulence and unrestraint of this swiftly moving time these immediate descendants become the "degenerate sons of worthy sires," and the development of a real American culture be postponed for a few generations,— when tradition, too, may come to

play its part; until then, sculptors, architects, painters and men of letters other than novelists must needs remain with little honor in their own country as prophets of the nobler things yet to be.

Perhaps it is not a matter of surprise, although it is of regret, that " the sense of culture " should as yet have gained so slight a hold upon the life and thought of our American people. The lack of it is presumably one of the unfortunate conditions that seem innate in the " fretful fever of freedom " that surges through the restless, shifting, unsettled and untraditional spirit of our day. In such a spirit the contemplative mood, which is so at variance with our hurried, over-wrought living, cannot survive; yet no culture or philosophy of life worthy of the name can be attained without from time to time an introspective attitude of mind and heart. Our political thinking is done for most of us by newspaper editors, our religious thinking by sensational preachers; our ethical and cultural thinking could be stimulated by our essay writers if we would give them a fair chance. We are, however, what might be called a one-handed country.

There can, for instance, be counted on the fingers of one hand the American periodicals that give competent, scholarly book reviews.

The religious papers of real consequence or spiritual influence are only five or six in number, and all are struggling to keep alive unless subsidized. Of the quarterlies other than specialized publications there are no more than four or five, supported in most instances by public-spirited philanthropy. The best American quarterly, which is, in my judgment, also the best quarterly in the world, is a hobby of, not a profit for, its publisher. It is brilliantly edited, its contributions are keen, original, sparkling, profound, by some of the ablest thinkers of our time. It is issued by one of the three or four publishing houses of highest standing in this country, and yet the American public of a hundred million people does not buy enough copies of it to make it self-supporting. I am inclined to say that the culture of a nation can be determined by the character and the circulation of its quarterlies, for they may well be considered the index to and the embodiment of the character, scholarship, judgment and taste of the communities which they endeavor to serve. Their lack of circulation in this country is not because their place has been usurped by monthly magazines, for so far as I know, there are only two monthlies issued in the United States that are at all comparable with the four or five quarterlies to which I have

referred. One of these has become self-supporting in recent years only by catering to a more popular and less cultured taste than of old; the other is still non-supporting, although it was changed from a quarterly to a monthly with the hope of enabling it to pay its way. Someone may assert that quarterlies do not appeal to the "character and genius of the American people," and the assertion would be more truthful than complimentary! As for books, it is only within a week that one of the best known booksellers in the country remarked that the buying and reading of books was ceasing to be a habit or practice on the part of the American public, and that there were not more than between two hundred and three hundred book shops worthy to be called such throughout the entire United States. It is to be hoped our university presses, several of which have been established during the past decade, may be able to do something to encourage and stimulate the production of books by writers whose work along cultural lines is of the greatest value.

The unconventional, untamed, iconoclastic spirit of these early years of the twentieth century has even affected our verse forms. Our "up-to-date" poets no longer have time or inclination to trouble themselves with such incon-

sequential matters as meter and rhyme. The resulting verse is formless, but sounds more shapely when characterized in French as *vers libre;* its substance, nevertheless, remains as formless as its external guise. Cubist art is an excuse for want of training and lack of skill, which cubist poets, painters and sculptors have neither the time nor the desire to cultivate. *Vers libre* is cubist poetry.

The acquisition of culture is largely a matter of continuous personal training (although much aid comes of natural refinement and good breeding), and this training depends upon maturity, inclination, and a reasonable amount of leisure. Its fruition is in the fine art of living, which does not exist in its fulness where the contemplative spirit is absent. We often hear the uncontemplative express regret at not having had a college education, making that the excuse for personal shortcomings due to the absence of any real effort to remedy them. But culture is not to be gained in the immature years of college life, although the foundation for it may then be laid by the acquirement of a genuine taste for knowledge and by study of the humanities. It is not, however, through companionship with twenty year old classmates in college, nor in the taking of eighteen or twenty courses out of several hundred in the

curriculum, nor by occasional or slight contact with the professors or teachers of our collegiate years that the real spirit of culture can be broadened into a mode of living and an attitude toward life; that comes only after years of maturity, with the reflection and independent thinking which is the product of a fuller and richer mental life, stimulated by association with, or the reading of the writings of, those who have themselves, through study, thought, travel, and personal character, won the privilege and right to influence for good the life of their time and of the future as far as they may. Among the greatest contributors, therefore, to this "good cause of culture" are our foremost writers of essays on art, music, literature, the drama, travel, history, government, religion, and the many other topics which have their part in a broad and sane understanding and appreciation of life and living. Consequently, books of essays are of fundamental value in their contribution to American culture.

During recent years no American man of letters has done more through his writings to promote a genuine spirit of culture in this country than the author from whose books have been selected the contents of this volume. Before speaking more precisely of his literary

work, however, let me present Frederic Rowland Marvin, the man. The publishing of books is a privileged business in that into it the personal element enters to an unusual degree. The intimate contact between author and publisher has frequently opened the door to close and lasting friendships where the traditional rivalry of interests between author and publisher plays no part,— friendships often savoring much of those to be read about in the annals of the Old World publishers as existing between them and the great figures in English literature. So has come to me the privilege of an intimate knowledge of the ripe culture, sound wisdom, and high character of Dr. Marvin. His keen sense of humor I have often enjoyed upon occasion. Necessarily, communication has frequently been by mail, but by no means always in prose, for he has now and then resorted to delightful and whimsical verse, enjoyable even without a personal knowledge of or acquaintance with those concerned and the circumstances involved. Only two of these poems have been included in the present volume; they are entitled "The Revolt of the Oyster" and "Ye Ballad of a Woeful Publisher." To these the reader who would know Dr. Marvin in one of his lighter and even jovial moods is referred.

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Marvin was born September 23, 1847, in Troy, New York, and consequently has reached the ripe age of three score years and ten on the eve of the publication of the present volume. He received the degree of M.D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University) in 1870, and for a brief season practiced medicine in the City of New York. Later he was graduated from the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and in 1879 he was ordained as a Congregational clergyman. His three pastorates were at Middletown, New York, Portland, Oregon, and Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Our author since his retirement from the pulpit has made his home in the old historic city of Albany, the capital of our Empire State.

Dr. Marvin is the author of twelve books, eight of which his present publishers carry upon their list. To characterize impersonally his work is impossible, even were it desirable. His books are poetical, for he has the spirit of a poet, and thoughtfully written, for he is a scholar who has given a large part of his life to the careful study of men and things. Extensive foreign travel, a wide acquaintance with men of letters and affairs, and a profound study of human progress in many fields have

given him a cosmopolitan interest in life which has enriched a receptive mind and kindled a responsive heart. His understanding of men and of the things that go to make our human life is that of a lover of his kind,— and as such a lover his perceptions are qualified by broad charity and a kind and genial humor.

On Dr. Marvin the gods have bestowed the rare and wholly captivating gift of writing both authoritatively and entertainingly on an almost inexhaustible number of topics, and to his ability to make many a subject hitherto little known or wholly neglected live and breathe for his readers America owes a genuine debt, for he has added materially to the growth of public interest in art and letters by the allurement of his style and the large range of his culture.

In his " The Companionship of Books " our author gave us his first volume of essays on literary and allied themes, a book of wide and varied interests, revealing at once the intellectual breadth and the keen perceptions of its author. It is by the study and mental assimilation of volumes of this kind, tending to broaden intellectual outlook and social sympathies, that the roots of genuine culture are nourished, the fruit of which is to be had for the plucking. No essayist can do more than place at the com-

mand of his readers the gathered product of study, travel, and reflection.

Later came "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," a fine group of translations of "short poems and detached verses gathered from various languages," incidentally revealing the author's interest in other literatures than his own,— and a command of his own that enabled him by exact word and apt phrase to reproduce in English the meaning and shade of thought in the widely scattered originals. This book was published in 1902, and is now out of print, its contents having been included in "Poems and Translations," which also incorporates "A Book of Quatrains," first published in 1909 and now also out of print.

Most of the original poems in the present edition of "Poems and Translations" first appeared in 1907, but have since been revised and rearranged. The catholicity of the book and of its author is indicated both by the subjects represented and by the authors given us in the various renditions. From the philosophy in both Christian and ancient civilizations to the prayer of an Indian raider for scalps, the sacrificial hymn of the South Sea Island cannibals, and a gay little folk tale of the West Indies we have striking transitions that require unusual limberness of poetic fibre. His orig-

inal poems are in no way inferior to many of the translations, which they parallel in charm and beauty. They are full of romance, philosophy, and humor, with frequent touches of tenderness and sympathy that warm the heart and quicken the pulse. The imaginative quality, a subtle sensitiveness to rhyme and rhythm, philosophic insight and interpretation, are marked characteristics that lend distinction to our author's verse. This volume, and as well "Flowers of Song from Many Lands" in its original form, and "The Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women," are not infrequently found catalogued, in special bindings, extra-illustrated and autographed, in collections of costly and unusual books.

"Christ Among the Cattle," a little *brochure* appearing shortly after "The Companionship of Books" and welcomed by anti-vivisectionists, has passed through numerous editions and has been translated into three European languages. It is a classic of its kind, to be associated in its mission with "Black Beauty" and "Rab and His Friends." It is effective because written with the authority of personal knowledge trained to accurate observation through the author's early medical education and practice.

"The Excursions of a Book-Lover," "Love

and Letters," and "Fireside Papers" are books of rare interest and curious investigation. American letters would be much the poorer unenriched by these three contributions. A scholarship unique in this age of feverish specialization underlies the essays that compose these books. It is that of the historian, poet, philosopher, and humanitarian, gathered in the three books named and given us by a single writer who has brushed aside the veil from the lives of other men and other times, and with the wisdom of a life's knowledge of men and books has opened a new and wider outlook for the experiences of the present and the future.

In one of these essays the author remarks that a writer is generally, though often unconsciously, his own hero. Certain it is, as has been intimated, that Dr. Marvin's own personality is reflected in his printed words. Of a literary flavor, therefore, all of these essays must be, but they are neither ponderous nor pedantic. There is always the sympathy of "spiritual blood ties," the understanding fostered by common "family traits" among scholars and men of letters; and in such a spirit the dry seeds of fact are watered with the gentle dews of human interest till they become blossoms brilliant in form, fragrant with kindliness, and rich in fruitage.

INTRODUCTION

An essay in one of these volumes deals with the philosopher. The philosophic temper, as portrayed, demands much, but its attainment is worth the achieving. The comforting compound requires a generous quantity of that blessed aromatic, hope, a poetic conception of beauty, a dash of the spice of humor, an acceptance of the really inevitable — all well compounded with love and common sense; and although it is not written in the text, there is evidence between the lines that this philosopher of ours is also, if unconsciously, an idealist.

The pleasant acquaintance which has been formed between Dr. Marvin and his publishers, one of whom is the compiler and editor of this book, has led to a familiar and at times somewhat witty and whimsical correspondence, mostly in verse. To know Dr. Marvin as an author one must know, in part at least, this side of his nature and of his genius. The two poems, "Ye Ballad of a Woeful Publisher" and "The Revolt of the Oyster," to which should be added a poem printed in the collected "Poems and Translations" of our author published in 1914, and called "The Church of the Holy Furbelows," disclose this peculiarity. The two poems named were not written for publication, and are here introduced because without them and a few other compositions of the same

kind the witty side of our author's genius must remain in a measure undisclosed; and also because the compiler believes them to be worthy of a place in this collection. One naturally feels some hesitancy about introducing lines so intensely personal, but how else are Dr. Marvin's readers to become acquainted with a side of his genius unsuspected by a large number of those who find pleasure in his work? That two of the poems named address the compiler of this book and even mention his name render their insertion, as has been said, a matter of delicacy; but one may not change in any wise the work of another without permission, which in this case it was impossible to secure. The two compositions referred to are local in character and color and would without some explanatory notes be understood with difficulty by those who are unfamiliar with Boston and its neighborhood. Brief notes have been added in their proper places. Perhaps not all of Dr. Marvin's readers will find marked pleasure in the poems named, but surely those who enjoy Cowper's "John Gilpin" cannot but derive some satisfaction from the three poems to which attention has been called.

Dr. Marvin's books have been written, all of them, from a pure love of literature. They are a scholar's contribution to American let-

ters and American culture, with the unconcealed hope that wisdom sipped from the wine-jar may give pleasure to coming generations that, looking back to our own, may deem it not, after all, quite so empty of culture as many of our contemporaries think, and concerning which an increasing number of the enlightened men and women of to-day send forth utterances of despair. Surely the spirit in which the author of this noble group of twelve volumes writes can not be better expressed than in the following lines by Kenyon Cox:

"Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, tho' the body starve.

"Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.

"Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee."

LIVINGSTON STEBBINS

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PROSE

There is one thing that prose cannot do: it cannot sing.

— Arthur Symons.

I

GOD, RELIGION, AND IMMORTALITY

Say your prayers standing; but if you are not able, do it sitting; and if not sitting, in bed.

— Mohammed.

It is our religion to love God; it is our duty to obey Him; and it is our hope to enjoy His presence forever.

— Cirederf Nivram.

GOD, RELIGION, AND IMMORTALITY

I

More and more we are coming to think of God as inseparably associated with nature, as working with it and through it. We would not undervalue the Divine revelation in man — "the Word was made flesh" — but modern science has disclosed Him in nature with new power and beauty. This is a noble view of His presence and activity. In the blush of the morning and in the evening breeze He is present. In Him as in a mirror is reflected the vast universe. You may call this Pantheism if you will, but it remains a noble thought of the Creator. The poet apparels it in something of its own beauty in "Tintern Abbey":

> "I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
> A motion and a spirit which impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

II

Narrow and puerile ideas of the Divine Presence destroy the power of that Presence. The God who concerns Himself with religious trifles and trinkets will be found to concern Himself with nothing more important. Here lies the danger of every kind of Ritualism. The toy and the child go together, alike in cradle and pew. Vestments, processions, incense, altar-cloth, mitre, the pastoral staff, and candles — what are these but the sacred tops, balls, and kites of children who long ago should have developed into full-grown men and women?

III

"God is on our side!" is the vainglorious cry of thousands. How few inquire, with humble mind and honest heart, "Am I on God's side?"

IV

Always the lion-heart is a heart of faith.

V

Character is essentially the power of resisting temptation.

VI

A man this morning told me that his lack of education was mainly due to the meanness of

his surroundings. But it was in the dirty Soho streets that Blake saw the earliest of his divine visions. A man may build him a house for his soul to dwell in where the sons of mud see nothing better than their own rudeness and vileness. And in that house, lighted by the glory of heaven, he may abide in wonder and gladness all the days of his life on earth. Emerson heard the song celestial, and gazed upon scenes of marvelous splendor in even the "mud and scum of things." A man may not be the creator of circumstances, but neither is he wholly their creature.

VII

Mohammed was a child of solitude and silence. His visions came to him when he was far out on the desert. It was there, surrounded by natural desolation, that he discovered the spiritual desolation of his time and country. On wild and lonely Mount Hara, near Mecca, he received his first revelation, and from that deserted and remote elevation he went forth proclaiming to an idolatrous world the One God of Islamism.

Apuleius tells us, in his "Golden Ass," that he was able to pray to the Goddess Isis because of the silence of the night. The great prayers of all ages and of all religions have demanded

tranquillity of spirit; they were possible only in the hush of a calm and undisturbed temper to which the stillness of surrounding nature in many cases contributed much. Prayer is the very heart of religion. There can be no religion without this inner communion of the soul with God. What is called "natural religion" is, in so far as it is prayerless, no religion at all. Religion without prayer is only philosophy, and has nothing whatever to do with the deep places of spiritual experience. Can anyone think of such prayers as those of Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Saint Bernard, Loyola, Fox, Wesley, and George Müller in connection with natural religion? Great achievements are born of a deep serenity of the soul.

VIII

There has been recently discovered, so it is reported, the secret of the "eternal flames" that burned from year to year without any visible renewing of fuel upon the altar of Zoroaster on the "Sacred Isle" in the Caspian Sea, where the founder of the fire-cult preached his religious doctrines. The altar was situated directly over a deposit of natural gas. Neither the prophet nor his followers had any knowledge of the gas, which had probably been lighted by accident, and which, when once lighted, con-

tinued to burn year after year. The mysterious flame, sustained with apparently no renewal of material for combustion, was easily mistaken for a celestial fire kindled and supported in attestation of the doctrine and faith taught and served at the altar. A fire that burned for only a brief time authenticated the mission of Elijah and occasioned the overthrow of the priests of Baal. How much more convincing to men living under a primitive civilization must have appeared the "eternal flames" that required, so far as could be discovered, neither care nor fuel. Were those men and women who centuries ago adored that mystical fire fools or impostors? They were neither. They made the best use of the limited knowledge within their reach. More could not have been required of them. I cannot believe that the Infinite Mercy held them accountable for a light that never illuminated their darkened understanding, and for opportunities they never enjoyed.

IX

No one ever recovered a lost faith by advertising for it.

X

The silent and unconscious influence of a man of real force in any neighborhood is greater than is commonly supposed. The subtle power

of personal presence extends in every direction, and refuses to die with the man who set it in motion. Strong men impress others not alone by their opinions and by what they say and do, but by even their trivial mannerisms that seem so unimportant. You cannot imprison a man's influence. You may load the man with chains, but that marvelous something that proceeds from him, and that is in a way a part of him, walks free.

XI

MANY a whispered word of comfort has awakened a never-ending echo of infinite tenderness.

XII

THERE is always at the heart of every great happiness a sense of melancholy without which the happiness would be nothing more than a trivial gayety.

XIII

THE smallest human heart may hold a vast solitude.

XIV

THERE is for every one of us an invisible and intangible life that is not less real because removed from the world of sense. We live in the lives of others; in what others are and wish to

be; in the subtle influences which they diffuse, and by which we are in a measure guided and controlled. Organic ties bind us together. Common hopes and interests make us to be a community. Even the little child of but a few months, perhaps of but a few days only, cannot die without having made some contribution to this common life. Through an impression made upon the mother the child places its little hand, it may be, upon the entire world and upon long ages. Sometimes the dead accomplish more than the living. Here we touch what may be called a neighborliness of the soul. I think George Eliot had in mind this thought when she wrote her noble lines about "the choir invisible" with which every serious reader is familiar.

XV

THE man who contemplates his own littleness without humility, and his own imperfections without disgust, neither loves holiness nor fears sin.

XVI

THE Lord demands not "holy orders," but holy men.

XVII

THERE could be no religion but of mud-gods and dirt-worshippers, without the overhanging

dream-world of which the poet is prophet and interpreter. We shall never know how great is the world's indebtedness to the masters of song who prevent men from living by bread alone. "Where there is no vision," said the sacred writer, "the people perish." The breath of spiritual life is preserved within us by the revelations of those sons of light.

XVIII

With Plotinus, I thank God my soul is not imprisoned within an immortal body, for in that case I should know a new mortality more to be feared than the one of which I now have knowledge. From every agony possible to man death furnishes a sure escape. A deathless body would mean living death. And yet men would close and fasten as with bolts of steel the one door without which hope were impossible. They would inscribe over the cradle of every infant the words that Dante saw over the Place of Doom, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." I could not wish to live were it not permitted me to die.

XIX

No power on earth or in hell can make a lie immortal.

XX

Orthodoxy is the heterodoxy of yesterday.

XXI

Materialism as a system is easily demolished, because it is without foundation; but materialism as a tendency of the worldly mind is impregnable save to Divine Grace, because it has a real foundation in the nature of the man who entertains it.

XXII

It is a man's majestic "Yes!" to the voice of Duty that makes him the man he is.

XXIII

Goethe was for a moment staggered by the thought of the afterwards of death. "To me," said he, "the thought of a life without end, even though it were a happy one, appears more dreadful than the most acute physical anguish." The great poet forgot the capacity of the human mind for infinite development, and that not even eternity can exhaust its power. A noted mathematician has calculated that in solving the possible problems of plain circles alone, one could spend seven hundred million years. Is it, then, difficult to understand how an eternity might be employed in

the acquisition of knowledge? When Socrates said to the weeping friends who gathered around him after he had received the fatal cup, "You may bury me if you can catch me," he anticipated for his immortal part another life worthy of his philosophical attainments. It was his comfort in the hour of death to know that he should spend eternity in the society of great and gifted men like Hesiod and Homer. Such society seemed to him well calculated to make immortality a priceless boon.

XXIV

Benvenuto Cellini, after a terrible dream which he had in the castle of St. Angelo, saw a light over his head wherever he went, and though the flame burned with greater brightness when the grass was wet with dew, it never entirely disappeared. The human soul, like the great sculptor, often beholds, after some dreadful calamity, a luminous presence and sees with clearer vision. Troubles, like thunder-storms, purify the atmosphere, and when the sun shines out upon the moist sod, glistening with crystal beauty, the soul discovers new grace and larger truth on every side. In a shower of tears God often sets the rainbow of His promise.

XXV

To lips unsanctified by the divine grace of self-renunciation there are few cups more bitter than that of neglect. It bites into even the serene heart of Wisdom to see glittering and tinkling Folly crowned in her place. And yet when the soul has learned to put self aside and to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done!" Gethsemane is peopled with angels, and the bitter cup is changed into a blessed sacrament of peace.

XXVI

Mud and slime may be good for the oyster, but without sunshine and blue sky there can be no high thinking, noble aspiration, and inspiring romance. Better than the swamp-gas of materialism is the too thin air of mysticism. Dionysius the Areopagite has had a large family of dreamers, but there have been among them many sons and daughters of power and enchantment.

XXVII

Woe to religion when it ceases to be a matter of faith, and becomes one of mere opinion.

XXVIII

When angry thoughts and impatient words begin to color your argument, remember that

no two things are more widely sundered than search for truth and strife for victory.

XXIX

THERE is an atheism of the head, which is not infrequently associated with noble thinking and useful living; there is an atheism of the heart, which springs from and results in moral corruption; and there is an antheism of the digestive organs, which, having said to the belly, "Thou art my god," finds its holiest aspirations more than realized in a luxuriously selfish life.

XXX

TRUTH must be sought for her own sake. From all who would find her for private ends — to establish their own preconceived opinions or those of their church or party — she hides herself in impenetrable darkness.

XXXI

IT is a sweet and pleasant thought that when all these days of pain and sorrow and work are ended — these days of contending and unrest — there will come the folding of hands. It is sweet, when sorrow and weariness are our only companions, to remember that the hour is not far away when the Father will fold the tired

hands of His child in His, will seal the aching eyes with sleep, and breathe under their trembling lids the sweet dream of heaven. Weary not, nor faint; the Father sees you, and, though you know it not, His hand leads you. A little pain and a little labor He metes you for your good; be patient, and when the night comes He will give you rest.

XXXII

Strange it is that men who are so anxious to find the dead Christ in His tomb, and the historical Christ in Palestine, care so little for the spiritual Christ in their own hearts.

XXXIII

After all it is possible to say against creeds has been said, it still remains true that the man is weak indeed and greatly to be pitied who cannot say, "I believe."

XXXIV

Whoever believes there is a difference between a lie and the truth has a creed.

XXXV

With the reason one may discover duty; with the will he may force himself into external

obedience to its requirements; but only with the heart can he so love "I ought" as to change it into "I desire."

XXXVI

You cannot drink water from an empty cup, neither can you drink the water of life from an empty soul.

XXXVII

The Sacred Writings describe God as a searcher of hearts, but nowhere do they represent Him as a searcher of church records.

XXXVIII

More strength comes from believing one thing than from doubting a thousand.

XXXIX

It does not greatly trouble me that I am called to believe some things I cannot understand, but it would seriously trouble me were it otherwise. Were there no thoughts in the infinite mind of the Creator too large for my feeble and fallible understanding, it would follow by a fatally irresistible logic that God is no wiser than his creatures, and, therefore, no better able to guide them than they are to guide themselves. A God comprehended is a God dethroned.

XL

In the cathedral-building centuries of long ago the church included in its fellowship nearly all there was of civilized society. It touched our human race at every conceivable point. No work could be commenced without its sanction. It well-nigh monopolized architecture and the fine arts. The greatest pictures by the greatest artists were made under the inspiration of religion, and were altar-pieces for sacred edifices. Raphael and Michael Angelo crowned with immortal genius the holy faith and spiritual aspiration of an ecclesiastical system that had its living root in every human heart. Literature belonged to the church. Learning was its possession, as was also civil government. The church was everything. Soldiers wore the cross emblazoned upon their breasts, and every nook and corner had its shrine. But now things are changed. The priest no longer commands the conscience and shapes the conduct of men. The tides of religious authority are at their ebb, and the naked shingles of belief are stirred no more by shifting waves.

XLI

It should always be remembered that no philosophy is sound that leaves God out of consideration, or that fails of perceiving his good-

ness and of confiding in his character. Day and night we are in the encircling embrace of infinite Love. That Love called us into being, and upon its bosom we are cradled. "Beneath us are the everlasting arms." Thus do the sacred writings teach us to view the Creator, and all the later disclosures of natural science point in the same direction.

Kant holds that it is the office of philosophy to answer three questions: 1. What can I know? 2. What ought I to do? 3. What may I hope for? It seems to us that true philosophy goes further, and makes to us disclosure of our present possessions. It opens the eye to the vision of an infinite, eternal, and unchangeable Friend, and renders forever true the words of the poet:

"Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daylight everywhere."

XLII

The supreme office of the church is spiritual. Books, music and art are now within the reach of all. We have the news of the entire world in our morning paper. Travel is no longer difficult, and its expense is not now prohibitive. The problems of science are discussed at the club and in the street. We are surfeited with

the haste and clatter of unromantic, selfish, grinding modern life. "One man is as good as another;" "All men are born free and equal;" "We demand our rights;" "A dollar saved is a dollar earned;" "Time is money;" "Get out of the way;" "Mind your own business"— these graceless mottoes are a fair epitome of the rude, vulgar, and unspiritual thought and feeling of thousands. The dream is gone. The aspiration is evaporated. The vision is no more. To the church men turn for help and uplifting. In her we must find our spiritual ideal. She must teach us that life is more than meat and drink. A profoundly spiritual pulpit is the one great need of the age. Eloquence is good if we do not have too much of it; a trained choir is to be desired if we can have it without the opera; an elaborate ritual may serve noble ends if only it be so transparent that through it we discern the living Christ; but over and above all is the one great cry of the human heart in every land and age, "We would see Jesus!" A spiritual, God-illuminated, uplifting, inspiring pulpit is the demand of the heart and the need of the world. "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified!"— without that no pulpit is worth the timber that goes into its construction.

XLIII

CERTAIN materialistic philosophers are enquiring: "Is this the best of possible worlds?" Perhaps not! The gourmand who fails of obtaining all the terrapin and champagne he desires has a ground of complaint. He who wants a sovereign and has only a shilling is not without a grievance. But the fact that God made this world to His own mind satisfies me, and I can see that His glory is better than the beastly gratification of the *bon vivant*.

XLIV

THE effort to retain an obsolete church, an effete government, or an antiquated superstition has always proved a failure, and is like a child's endeavor to retain a melting icicle by squeezing it in its little fist — the firmer the grasp the more speedy the departure. While a man repeats a dead creed with his lips, that very creed slips out of his heart and is gone. Liturgy is often only another way of spelling lethargy, and the creed from being a statement of belief too easily becomes a substitute for faith.

XLV

Do thy duty, and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace for thee apart from the honest and daily

discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which, rightly viewed, are angels of divine discipline. Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.

XLVI

Wonderful is the power of great sorrow to sanctify the heart and purify the life. Under its influence the most deep-seated prejudices are dispelled, and the bitter and contentious heart is completely subdued. No one is fitted for companionship, much less for the holy office of friendship, who has not quaffed at least one wholesome draught from the cup of affliction. Therefore, O Lord, while my weak human heart dare not pray for even those most salutary sorrows which so strengthen character and clarify spiritual vision, it does most earnestly entreat that sorrows which have already crossed its path may never be forgotten, but remain the priceless treasure of a sanctified memory, and of a pure, believing, and loving heart.

II

PHILOSOPHY AND OPINION

Philosophy is a loving use of wisdom.
— DANTE.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?
— SHAKESPEARE.

The people's prayer — the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.
— DRYDEN.

PHILOSOPHY AND OPINION

I

The philosophic temper kindles hope. To every man it says, "Fortune smiles upon thousands; your turn may come next." It lights up the ideal world. It whispers, "Wait." It suggests to the soul that what it most fears may not be so bad after all, and that many things coveted are not so good as they appear. It brings to mind the advice, "Never cross a bridge before you come to it"— that is to say, do not anticipate troubles. It takes short views of life. The future we dread may never come to us. Many things we fear we should not fear did we but know them better.

II

To a thoughtful mind the silence of Nature is even more impressive than are the convulsions and tornadoes that startle and affright. The untrained imagination is filled with surprise and wonder when fierce winds lash the ocean into wild and ungoverned fury; but to poet and artist the serene glory of sunrise and the gentle

approach of evening twilight present an attraction quite as pleasing as are the more exceptional displays of natural force. In the great world of human life of which we are a part the same thing is true. To a finely attuned temper and a cultivated mind there is an impressiveness in the silence of the right man at the right time that no display of passion can equal. The silence of our Saviour not only surprised Peter, but impresses and will always impress men by the fine eloquence of its rebuke. "Study to be quiet," wrote an apostle. Few of us, with all our study, have yet acquired much of that Divine skill.

III

As ships cross lines of latitude and longitude without experiencing any change in temperature, so the ship of human life sails over the years and marks not the passage. And how variable and unreliable is human perception in this matter. Have as many clocks and watches as you please, still "we live in feelings, not in figures on a dial, and count time by heart-throbs." We believe our own pulses against all the chronometers in the world. We may whisper to ourselves, "There are but sixty minutes in the hour," nevertheless happy hours fly and sad ones creep.

IV

The real man is, after all, not the man with whom we have personal acquaintance. Not till Time has sifted out the chaff can we garner the pure grain. Only when the visible man has become a phantom are we able to discern the substantial and enduring man whose home is history, and whose work is the common possession of an entire race.

V

As the housemaid believes that the only difference between her mistress and herself is that of money or of fine clothes, so the village lubber holds that the only difference between the wisest and ablest man that ever walked this earth and himself is that of opportunity. He will tell you that the same opportunity must in either case, or in both cases, produce exactly the same result; all of which is as untrue as would be the statement that, given the same soil, moisture, light, and temperature, all seeds must come to the same flower.

VI

To be open to argument and to be open to conviction are two different things.

VII

You can never rejoice in what you do not believe.

VIII

True peace and deep conviction are inseparable.

IX

Centres of power are silent.

X

No defeat is final that does not involve the will.

XI

It is a dangerous thing to stir emotion without creating conviction, for such emotion is wholly irresponsible. It is an advancing flame that respects neither the good nor the bad, but sweeps before it whatever would obstruct its progress. The man who is at the mercy of his emotions is at the mercy of a mob. A crowd of tatterdemalion feelings, scatterbrained sansculotterie of the mind, come, hot with silly indignation, trampling over what should have been cultivated ground, to right some fancied wrong, or it may be to avenge some real wrong by the commission of a greater. So were the noisy creatures of the French Revolution bent upon changing this old world, or so much of it as was in France, into a veritable garden of Eden — for whom? the fanfaron of the lamp-post, drunk, blear-eyed, and full of mur-

der. Man is never safe when guided by his emotions. Even our good emotions are bad guides.

XII

THE politician bears the same relation to the patriot that the scarecrow bears to a living man. Both are grotesque imitations and nothing more.

XIII

THE good man sees around him a world of divine beauty; he sees as well a world of opportunity, and he feels within him a desire to improve still more the world as it presents itself to his mind. The evil man beholds a world full of base and worthless things that please his evil mind, and he proceeds at once to make it still worse. The loneliness of the desert is a poetical conception formed in the human mind. The traveler, standing on the edge of the Libyan waste, is overcome by the sense of solitude; but the Arab pitches his tent far out in the rainless region, and lies down at night beneath the silent stars with no thought of discomfort. The two men inhabit different worlds and each has created for himself the world in which he lives.

Algot Lange, who was lost in the interminable forests that surround the headwaters of the Amazon, told me how, having seen his little

party die, one after another, from fever and snake-bite, until he was left alone in the vast jungle, he came face to face with a horror that neither language nor art can depict. It was the opening of his eyes to the terror of his situation. He was not overcome by the fear of death, for neither he nor his men were afraid of death at any time during the journey. It was not privation, for they were inured to that. It was an absolutely unique experience that came with a vision of the loneliness of his situation. A sudden internal experience changed for him in a few moments the entire appearance of so much of the world as at that time concerned him. But the South American Indians inhabiting that part of the continent saw nothing in the landscape to terrify or distress them. Geographically they were not far away, but though only a dozen miles, it may be, separated them from Lange, they and the explorer were, nevertheless, dwelling in entirely different worlds.

XIV

Life must always be lonely to one who thinks. Thinking is a process of separation. It sunders man from man, and gives to the mind a separate life and an aim different from that which controls the surrounding world. It is surprising how large a part of our common ex-

istence is carried on with little thought, and how much of that little thought is automatic, subconscious, and hap-hazard. I do not know how much of the depression that enters so surely into the mind of the man who thinks apart from the conventional beliefs and opinions of his fellows, is due to the isolation that must in the very nature of the case follow; but certain it is that men who blaze new trails must learn to draw their strength from within and not from without. Social habits and commonplace opinions provide an easier road for the ordinary traveler, and there can be no good reason why he should not remain in that road to the end of his days, in association with agreeable companions. But there will always remain those who find other roads more to their liking; those who are willing to forego fellowship and joint interests of every kind if only they may come upon unfrequented ways and break into undiscovered worlds. To such travelers the commonplace route, though safer and less difficult, is dull and unattractive. The highway is well graded and leads straight ahead, with few turns to right or left; but one must take chances in strange paths and in districts where there are no paths at all. In lonely roads there are lonely experiences, and such experiences are never far removed from the sadness that surrounds us all, whether we

know it or not. The more isolated the way, the more intrusive and persistent the sadness. A mournful spirit breathes through all human experiences, of whatever kind. One does not have to turn to the pages of Schopenhauer if he would learn how vast is the loneliness of our human life. One has but to think, and at once the process of disillusionment commences.

XV

It is wonderful, the large and rich culture that comes to even the most sterile personality when every opportunity is improved and every power systematically developed. Although the area of Egypt capable of cultivation is about sixteen thousand square miles — only half the area of Ireland — yet Egypt was in the time of the Pharaohs one of the granaries of the world. Ordinary qualities of mind and heart may be cultivated until the desert blossoms as the rose.

XVI

Inequality is the rule of life, and the sooner we make up our minds to take things as they come, turning them to the best account for ourselves and others, the larger will be our field of usefulness and the greater will be our reward. We should all of us cultivate a philosophic temper that refuses to brood over troubles,

break its heart over trifles, and contend against the inevitable. We must adapt ourselves to circumstances, and remember that the wise man "stoops to conquer." The forces of nature become our willing servants only when we learn to obey them. The key to every situation is found in surrender. The man who most vigorously asserts his personal independence is most likely the very man who knows the least of true liberty. Any fool may fire a gun and wave a flag, but he is the true patriot who obeys the law, minds his own business, practices virtue, and subordinates his personal interests to the public good.

XVII

I QUESTION the propriety of spending much time in early life over introspective studies. We need a firm grasp upon surrounding realities before we put to ourselves the riddle of the Sphinx, which we shall find no matter of wit and laughter. The fable is at fault that tells us the Sphinx, when she found her perplexing question answered, leaped to her death. She continues to "brood on the world," every moment demanding "the fate of the man-child and the meaning of man." They who would solve this riddle of their own humanity must first know much of the surrounding universe.

It was by no shrewd guess that Œdipus won

the crown from all the fools in Thebes. Behind the answer "Man" was a man's clear perception of himself as he stood out in bold relief against an objective background. To start questions one cannot answer is to unsettle the mind, destroy the foundations of conviction and establish a habit of insincerity. Too much introspection has made many a sceptic and paralyzed many a noble will. It is the old story of the perplexed centipede:

"The centipede was happy quite,
Until the toad for fun
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
This worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

XVIII

Give me no narrow-minded, selfish son of New England to whom a dollar-bill is larger than a blanket; no uncut diamond of the far west with a rude familiarity that repels at every turn, and a boastful temper one does not like to encounter; nor yet would I cast my lot with the southern "gentleman" whose horizon is even more restricted than his pocket-book; but make me, I pray you, well acquainted with the generous and courteous, even if at times commonplace, son of our great middle state, New York — the man of large ideas and easy

circumstances. He has always at hand the friendly glass of wine, fragrant as the breath of many flowers, and a good cigar, equally fragrant and enticing. He knows the world and has laid hold of its life with hearty good will. He is, in fact, a man of the world in the best sense of that phrase. A brave heart, full of hope and cheer, goes with him in every journey. He may outwit me, but he will not pick my pocket. He may make for himself too good a bargain, but he will not split the cent when it comes to the casting up of accounts. If, perchance, he should prove a rascal, his will be no pilfering rascality. To the assault upon my money he will add no stench of meanness to distress my nostrils.

XIX

Consume little time in regret. The best repentance is reformation. What tears of contrition are powerless to effect, an altered life easily accomplishes.

XX

His life only is worthless who fails of discovering the worth in other lives.

XXI

There are few kindhearted sentimentalists in this sorrow-stricken world of ours. The

sentimentalist, wherever you find him, is naturally selfish and cruel. Sterne could write like an angel, but he had no more regard for his fellowmen than one might expect the devil himself to display in dealing with high or low, the living or the dead. Sterne was absolutely devoid of anything like pity or compassion. While he wept over the distress of those who surrounded him and whose lives were in close proximity to his own, he increased the troubles he lamented, made sport of tears and grief, and laughed at the bitterness of human anguish. Men admired his genius and will always admire it, but no one ever loved him. His own wife fled from him as from "plague, pestilence, and famine." The author of "Tristram Shandy" wrote lines that we must account among the most beautiful in English literature. It may not be amiss in this connection to quote them:

"The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

Thus was Uncle Toby's oath disposed of by angelic beings who felt a pity that Sterne could only describe. Strange it is that one who could tell us how "God tempers the wind to the shorn

lamb" knew only the art of shearing the lamb Heaven could encircle with compassion.

Rousseau was another man of the same temper and spirit, and of a much worse life. He could sob as though his heart must break the while he was breaking the hearts of those around him. Over well-nigh every graceful line he composed, the trail of the serpent is discernible. He was the prince of sentimentalists. His written paragraphs, well-nigh as tearful as were his spoken words, will in all the years to come delight those who find pleasure in literary art, but the man himself was false at heart and no one will ever rise to call him blessed.

Goethe was of all modern writers one of the greatest, but he was in every sense of the word a sentimentalist. The man who could write "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Elective Affinities" was, if not a sorrow-maker, at least no assuager of grief. He was not compassionate, nor was he sympathetic, forgiving, and kind. Men point to the fact that he cherished no violent animosities, but they forget that he was not a violent man. His general attitude was one of indifference. Violence and indifference seldom go together. He was self-centered, as are all sentimentalists, and there is nothing in the service he rendered Schiller that can in any wise cancel his self-absorption and self-love. His world-wide and penetrating vis-

ion and his uncommon knowledge of men and more especially of women, are not matters of the heart as are compassion and sympathy. He was a calm, serene, unclouded, indifferent man, who could dip his pen in the tears of others and write with marvelous grace of what he could only see and never feel.

XXII

THE professional reformer may be distinguished by nothing else, but he will always and at every time display a bad taste extremely wearisome to all who have any sense of proportion.

XXIII

CULTURE is not so much something we have as it is something we have absorbed, and that has become a part of us. It is a state rather than a possession. It is that within us by means of which we enjoy beauty of whatever kind.

XXIV

"THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" Did ever angel in heaven or man on earth succeed in telling the truth after that fashion? And yet there is not a little Justice of the Peace in all the length and breadth of our land who does not feel called

upon to demand from every witness who comes before him a divine veracity of which he is himself as incapable as his fellow mortals. To hear the lawyers and doctors of divinity discuss, one would think that they all had truth and the well in their back yard.

XXV

"AWAY with remorse!" cries La Mettrie, the gay and brilliant author of "L'Histoire Naturelle de l'Âme"; "it is a weakness, an outcome of education." What a pity it is La Mettrie was not near by to comfort Judas Iscariot, the Emperor Nero, Charles IX of France, and Benedict Arnold, when those great men were ruthlessly crushed beneath the iron heel of that "outcome of education." With what enchanting grace and ease the hand that penned "L'Homme-machine" waves away all that self-reproach and self-revenge which made a monarch's blood to ooze through the pores of his skin, and to start from the corners of his eyes and from his nostrils. Could that monarch only have known that all his self-accusations were but "weakness and the outcome of education," great would have been his peace of mind, even when forced to contemplate the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Poor Judas!—his death was entirely due to over-education.

XXVI

He who holds the realization of his highest ideal essential to success must be content either to cherish a poor ideal or to inscribe "failure" over his best endeavors. We all come short of our possibilities and of our dreams, but it does not follow that life is a failure. Success must be measured by the grand result rather than by the far-away ideal.

XXVII

With known conditions we can deal, but with the unknown we need give ourselves no concern, since they are beyond our reach. It is the uncertain conditions, partly known and partly unknown, that cause us to worry. All friction is on the surface. Storms rage where wind and sea meet. In both upper air and ocean depths all is tranquility. Worry exists where the known and the unknown meet to form uncertainty. There it is that we fret and fume. Why may we not treat alike the unknown and the uncertain, refusing to concern ourselves with both of them? The certain only will be left, and with it we may hope to deal.

XXVIII

The phrase "naked truth" is a phrase only, and to it nothing in man or nature corresponds.

All things in this world are clothed, tempered, and adapted.

XXIX

The fanatic swings his fancied truth as a savage swings his club — regardless of consequences, while the reasonable man uses truth in ways and proportions that help his fellows. Too much truth spoken at the wrong time may be more injurious than open falsehood. There are, according to Margaret Deland, "unscrupulous truth-tellers." These believe it to be always a man's duty to disclose the entire truth at whatever cost to the person to whom the disclosure is made. You may kill the person, but you have discharged your duty and unburdened your conscience.

XXX

Yesterday is dead. It has done its work and lives no more. One may regret its failures, but nothing remains save to give it decent burial.

XXXI

My thoughts, opinions, and beliefs are private property. They are wholly mine, and no one may meddle therewith; nor may the tenure with which I hold them be disputed. But what I feel I share with others. Feeling is common property. It is the heart and not the head that binds me to my race.

III

ORACLES AND COUNSELS

Eat laurel, chew it, bite it with your teeth.
— Sophocles.

ORACLES AND COUNSELS

I

No man ever dreamed himself into either earthly or heavenly wisdom. No man ever wished himself into a character. If one would have these he must endure hardness; and to the hardness there must be added continuance in well-doing. There is in morals a certain "squatter sovereignty" whereby continued exercise of a grace or virtue renders that grace or virtue the possession of the man who exercises it. Shakespeare makes one of his characters advise that if one be without a virtue he assume it. Therein lies a world of philosophy. Assume the virtue long enough, and moral "squatter sovereignty" perfects the title. True culture has in it a certain element of hardness, to which is added continuance. The Sacred Writer puts it in a line: "Having done all, stand."

II

Never imagine thyself to be what thou art not, lest the contrast make thee unhappy without rendering thee better. Thou hast no more

right to intoxicate thyself and confuse thine understanding with idle fancies and silly conceits than with strong drink — both are mockers and do thee harm. Halo thy head with no false glory, and burn no sacrilegious incense before thy soul, but strive to view thyself in the clear light of truth.

III

"*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*,"— and so Ulysses chose the aged Penelope, when Calypso would have given him herself and immortality. The philosophy of that old heathen is good for all ages and religions. Better than immortality is duty well performed in the face of every allurement. Live a loyal and true life to-day, and thou hast truly lived, even shouldst thou never live again.

IV

If there is no judge in heaven, there is surely all the greater need for a judge within thine own heart.

V

All God requires of any of His children is faithful discharge of duty in the place to which He assigns the obedient soul. It is not necessary to do some great thing in order to secure

the Divine blessing and the approval of conscience. "Do to-day thy nearest duty," whether it be pleasant or otherwise, and thou shalt well answer the end of life.

VI

Consider the magnitude of time. An hour is exhaustless. No one ever emptied a second. As animalculæ swim without sense of confinement in a drop of water, so our lives float in the present moment. We never live in more than one second at a time, and yet we experience no constraint and have all the space we require. We cry for more time, and cannot dispose of what we already have. We possess not too little, but too much; we waste what we have. We nibble at an hour, and then leave it for another, as a mouse gnaws at a cheese many times its size, and which it cannot devour. Men are praying for eternity who wasted yesterday, and are utterly unable to dispose of to-day. Before the day arrives it has no existence, and when it is over there still remains to it no existence. Thus are all our marks upon the sand washed out by the flowing tides of a sea no man may compass. To one who has been dead a day it is practically the same to him, so far as this earth is concerned, as if he had been in the grave a hundred thousand

centuries. The shallowest grave is bottomless; and yet into a grave so deep the human soul looks with unshaken confidence, and dares to exclaim, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

VII

The honors and pleasures of this world, and it may be of other worlds as well if such exist, are for the men and women who have courage to take them. Strong, self-reliant souls spend no time in foolish regret, but reach out in every direction and appropriate to their own use whatever is fitted for their service. Audacity wins by divine right of conquest. Think meanly of yourself, and the world will take you at your own estimate.

VIII

If the source of all wrongdoing is in the will, so also is the hidden root of every worthy action. Not what I am, but what I would be is the one important thing. Whether I perceive it or not, I am proceeding in the direction of my desire.

IX

Every man is his own Adam, and every woman is her own Eve. The story of creation

starts over again in every cradle and ends in every new-made grave.

X

The suppression of knowledge on the ground of expediency is like the quenching of the sun. The Man of Galilee said, "I am the Light of the world." That in some measure should every man be. What new truth I possess must be imparted. The good man is a socialist when he comes to the field of ethics.

XI

Truth casts off first this creed and then that, as the serpent sheds year after year its once bright and glittering skin. The integument, becoming dry and useless, must perish, but the living creature survives. Let no man mourn for Truth.

XII

When in his own bosom man enthrones the dream and neglects the reality; when he exalts the idea and forgets the prior and superior claim of the deed, thus preferring the shadow to the substance; when he has made this final and supreme choice of the unreal, putting aside life itself for the passing emotions engendered by life, then has his doom been pronounced. Then is his service forever ended.

XIII

MAN is the measure of his own universe. Of every circle he is the centre. Only that which reflects his age-long conflict with destiny has for him enduring interest.

XIV

WHEN the intellect announces to man's spiritual nature that he is at liberty to believe what pleases him, and that it is a matter of no consequence to what conclusions he may arrive, the spiritual nature is in most cases ready to respond, "I believe in nothing." There remains to be taken but one more mental step, and that is the conversion of negation into a philosophical system. Such conversion we have in Schopenhauer's pessimism and von Hartmann's exposition of the doctrine of the innate evil of all things which Edgar Saltus has called "The Philosophy of Disenchantment."

XV

THEY only are elect who elect themselves. The work must have in it some worthy or, at least, some unusual element. Cistacious made so gracious an obeisance to Eternal Forgetfulness that even the silent genius of Oblivion spared his name, and would have spared more had there been more to spare. Not one mason

of all those who labored in the building of the Temple of Diana has left to us even his name, but it is known to every schoolboy that Herostratus burned that sacred structure. Time, which has effaced with ruthless hands so many worthy names, has embalmed in history the less worthy name of " the aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome."

XVI

We need to be constantly warned against imagining " we are the people, and wisdom will die with us." We are not the sole repositories of all truth. The builders of the pyramids thought they were standing on the summit of masonry and architecture. The men who blew Egyptian glass four thousand years ago, who distilled attar of roses three thousand years ago, and who divided the land of Syria by means of geometry, all believed they had found out the last secret of God and nature. But they were mistaken, and we are equally mistaken when we imagine that God has nothing more to reveal to posterity, because we have discovered the final secret.

XVII

No victory is final that is not just.

XVIII

In the end a man's rights and his necessities are one.

XIX

All private ownership in truth is moral robbery.

XX

What we call coöperation is usually nothing but compromise, and compromise means the annihilation of personality. I am weary of patched-up agreements that destroy individual action and purpose. The men who have influenced others have acted apart from them. The strong swimmer sinks when he is seized in a death-grip by the drowning man he would save. We help men most when we remain apart from them; when we grasp them, and will not permit them to grasp us.

XXI

I must not only impart what truth I possess, but I must also welcome new truth from whatever source. To reject any truth because it seems to contradict a preconceived opinion, is to quench the light; and of all sins those against light are the most deadly. I must tell the truth and shock the world.

XXII

CLEAR discernment and frank acknowledgment of good qualities in a foe are the surest signs of true nobility of character.

XXIII

HE has the largest life who lives in the lives of the largest number of people.

XXIV

LET the gentleman keep his distance if he would be accounted a gentleman. All cheap familiarities disgust. Noble qualities demand large space for growth. We cannot honor each the other at too close a range. Many logs piled upon the fire may extinguish the flame. An over-display of affection will destroy what measure of real affection there actually is.

XXV

"THOU shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" this is surely a rule than which none can be more golden, for therein is taught a kind of self-love that is never selfish. We can love others only when we have learned to love ourselves in a noble and generous fashion.

XXVI

SIDNEY wrote, "Look in thy heart, and write." I should think a glance at one's own heart would render writing difficult. Why not look at the needs of others, so far as they may be discovered, and write with them in view?

XXVII

"LIVE while you live" is the motto of thousands who have never lived at all.

XXVIII

AN ounce of enterprise is worth a pound of privilege.

XXIX

THERE is no medicine in the wisdom of this world that can make a blind eye see God.

XXX

TO-DAY neglected is to-morrow lost.

XXXI

Now that every house has its clock and every man his watch, are not our days "cut and hacked wretchedly into small portions?" And are not our lives in danger of becoming entirely mechanical under the constant swinging of pendulums and uncoiling of mainsprings? It is the time element that so impoverishes our

work; and he who obsequiously complies with the humors of men, and fulfils the letter rather than the spirit, is correctly called a time-server.

The best things cannot be finished on time. Michael Angelo must work when the spirit is upon him. Great frescoes and cathedrals grow out of the minds that conceive and execute them, as trees rise from the earth. He who would perform his task well must make of it no task at all. No great deed can ever be performed in the workshop of time.

Count time as you please — by lunar, solar, siderial, or tropical years — and it is all the same; one year is as good as another. Any one of them might as well end in June as in December. All these boundary lines are wholly imaginary, and every moment marks the expiration of twelve months. "No rising sun but lights a new year." December comes to an end, and at midnight the sun completes its revolution through the elliptic, and the earth its circuit round the sun; but faith hears no song in the heavens, and science discovers no clicking of celestial machinery and no rush of aerial currents. As ships cross lines of latitude and longitude without experiencing any change in temperature, so the ship of human life sails over the years and marks not the passage.

And how variable and unreliable is the human perception in this matter of time. Have as many clocks and watches as you please, still "we live in feelings, not in figures on a dial, and count time by heart-throbs." We believe our own pulses against all the chronometers in the world. We may whisper to ourselves, "There are but sixty minutes in one hour;" nevertheless the happy hours fly and the sad ones creep.[1]

XXXII

Men ask for criticism, but you will be safe only when you give them praise. It is what they want. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it must be a rose.

XXXIII

The riddle of the universe it is not ours to solve. To discover duty is our noblest quest, and to do it our best achievement.

XXXIV

Too close an inspection of truth results in fanaticism, while the entire neglect of it begets within us a fixed habit of dishonesty. Truth

1 This paragraph appears in two of Dr. Marvin's books, and it has been thought best to retain it in this connection though it is also part of another excerpt which may be found on page 24 of this book.

must be tempered to the mind that is to receive it.

XXXV

Love your friends and forget your enemies. Love brings with it a sense of reality, but forgetfulness breathes over all the spirit of oblivion. To forget is to annihilate, at least for the time being; while love is, in its nature, creative.

XXXVI

Yesterday is remembrance, and to-morrow faith.

XXXVII

The world belongs to those who best serve it.

XXXVIII

Show your sore only to God and your physician. Personal troubles have little interest for strangers and are likely enough to disgust friends.

XXXIX

The way to win friends is to betray little need for them. When you want the world it will not want you. The unfortunate are unattractive.

XL

The fenced field makes fast friends.

XLI

When we speak we remember yesterday, but it is more important that we anticipate to-morrow.

IV

CIVICS, PATRIOTISM, AND HEROISM

Cities are governed, so are houses too,
By wisdom, not by harp-playing and whistling.
— MENEDEMUS.

CIVICS, PATRIOTISM, AND HEROISM

I

The heroism of medical men is astonishing when one considers how little applause it wins. We all admire the brave soldier who follows his flag into the thickest of the fight. If he is disabled through wounds received in battle how gladly we vote him a pension. But the daring of the doctor is greater than that of the soldier. The latter goes into battle to the sound of martial music, surrounded by enthusiastic comrades, while the physician, alone and with no public demonstration of approval, enters the pest-house and there calmly and without ostentation ministers to suffering humanity. The soldier is not rendered by his peculiar training more sensitive to the perils of his dangerous profession. On the contrary, the more extensive his training and experience, the more indifferent he becomes to danger. It is not so with the educated physician. To his cultivated mind a thousand risks in the matter of contagion, of which the ordinary man knows nothing, are clear and distinct. The civilized world

was moved to admiration by the story of Father Damien's courage and self-sacrifice. The priest went to live with lepers on the Island of Molokai in order to minister to them in spiritual things. But when in a southern country I visited a leper hospital I found there, hard at work and with no thought of danger or of disgust at the loathsomeness of the disease, a number of able physicians and efficient nurses. Brave, patient, self-sacrificing, loyal to the spirit of science, those noble men and women were working day and night to help and comfort the distressed.

II

The inherent gladness of genuine courage, whether physical or moral, is exhibited with peculiar force in the literature of the ancient Greeks, and may be viewed upon many a page of Homer. Always the heroes turn them toward the sunrise. They delight in the unconventional freedom of the natural world, and are at home under twinkling stars and swinging boughs.

III

Civilization is the triumph of society.

IV

It may be that our revolutionary fathers were far above the average in honesty, but they

certainly could not, all of them, have believed the Declaration of Independence, which they nevertheless signed; that is to say, they could not have believed it in anything but a Pickwickian sense. When they signed the document, with its statement that "all men are born free and equal," they knew very well that slavery was a part of their system. They knew also that the "inalienable" rights named in the Declaration were not inalienable. And they knew many other things which the children who came after them never gave them credit for knowing. It is astonishing how Glory takes to the woods when History turns upon her the blaze of a searchlight. If we would fare better with our children and stand well with our consciences, it is incumbent upon us to do better while we have the opportunity.

V

It is generally believed that the majority should rule, but I think our world would be in a much better condition were the minority in power. The few are wiser than the many. The opinion of a judge is usually worth more than that of a jury.

VI

The rule of the majority is often a very unworthy one. Good government is the gift of

the trained few to the incompetent and thoughtless multitude.

VII

The voices that shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" cried a few hours later, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Popular applause and popular clamor come in the end to one and the same thing. The statue and the hemlock are never far apart.

VIII

The men who traveled on the Titanic believed that ship unsinkable, and they believed it even when the great vessel was making ready for its final plunge. Men are equally sure that our present civilization is imperishable, and yet there are now on every side ominous signs that should awaken in thoughtful minds anxiety if not actual alarm. The tap-root of every civilization is buried deep in its aristocracies; these are the depositories of ancient superiorities. Under the leveling processes of Democracy all these are rapidly disappearing. What is to take their place in this world, receiving and preserving the sacred deposit of the ages?

IX

Civilizations have passed away, some of them leaving to our world treasures in art and letters that must always delight the cultivated mind. Our present civilization in no essential feature differs from those that have preceded it. It is disintegrating; and all history shows us that, while the process of disintegration may be at first, and for a long time, slow, a fearful momentum will be later acquired. The final plunge, alike in the Atlantic liner and in the great Ship of State, must be sudden. It may be in one case an iceberg that brings about the catastrophe, and in the other some extensive strike of workmen, a contested election, internal dissension, or the treachery of an ambitious man. Unless some force can be brought to bear capable of resisting the downward leveling of Democracy, the final plunge must be sooner or later taken.

X

Whether a flag is worth fighting for will depend upon what that flag stands for. Unconditional loyalty to any country is treason to mankind.

XI

No government can long endure that rests upon the unenlightened judgment of the untrained masses.

XII

War will become a thing of the past when the common men of all lands refuse to leave farm and shop, and say to governments of every kind, "We will not fight." All must refuse if the movement is to succeed. If a few hold back and refuse to fight, they must be accounted guilty of treason. The movement must cease to be treasonable by becoming general. No single nation can disarm. If the German Empire can spend forty years in preparing to subjugate Europe, then Europe must spend those same forty years in preparing to prevent that subjugation. The common people in all lands must act together. When they do so act, there will be no more war. The common men are the men that are killed in battle. Most of those who enlist and nearly all who are drafted are from the humbler walks of life. That is because most of the men and women in all lands are born and live in the lowly homes and occupations of the world. The few are educated, and still fewer may be trusted with the care of property and the great enterprises of this world, all of which render them far too valuable to be wasted in a bloody battle. Their education enables them to avoid in many ways the common conscription. Knowing more than the average men and women of the world, they know the various ways of es-

caping duties and dangers that others must face with what courage they may. There is a way of escaping almost everything if you only know the way. Educated men know many ways and many things of which the uneducated are ignorant.

It is said that most of the taxes are paid by the poor. There is much truth in the saying. There are various ways of avoiding taxation. Some of those ways are dishonest, and some of them involve no breaking or evading of law. Education helps a man here as elsewhere. The professional classes, as a general thing, do not go to war. They are of less use in the army than are men of affairs. When men of cultivated mind do go, they are usually commissioned officers, chaplains, surgeons, or engineers, and as such are not wanted on the firing line. They also may resign if they wish. The dangers, burdens, and hardships of war fall to common men, whilst the emoluments and advantages go to the privileged few. It would be a blessed thing if the common men of all nations could combine and refuse to fight. We have already learned not to waste men of genius and of exceptional ability upon war; how long will it be before we learn that common men have a value, and are not to be wasted on shot and shell!

The rights of common men will not be re-

spected so long as the military idea prevails. German Imperialism is opposed to both modern civilization and the rights of ordinary men. Civilization rests upon the people, while Imperialism looks to the army. The German Emperor said, "The army is the foundation of the social structure of the Empire. . . . The soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities and decisions, have welded together the German Empire. My confidence is in the army; — as my grandfather said at Coblentz, 'These are the gentlemen on whom I can rely.'"

What the Emperor thinks of the people may be learned from one of his addresses as reported by a German professor, the distinguished Dr. Ludwig Gurlitt. This is what the Emperor said: "The masses are children not yet of age. The government alone is competent to prescribe the course of their social and cultural development." The Emperor is Germany. It is his prerogative to govern alone, with no responsibility of any kind. His word is law. Of course that means despotism pure and simple. The common man can have no rights under such a system.

In order to carry out the German program it is necessary to shut off criticism. The light must be extinguished. It is a rule with the

English royal family that no member of it, from the King himself down to the least important person connected with him, is ever to bring an action for libel, no matter how vile the slander may be. The German Emperor takes a more drastic method of procedure. All criticism of the sovereign is *leze majesty*, no matter how just and wholesome it may be. If you say anything about the Emperor of which he does not approve, he may send you to prison. The man who is placed above criticism is also placed above responsibility. You cannot call him to account for anything. Under such a system neither the common man nor any other kind of a man can have a guaranty that his rights will be protected. He has no rights to protect.

All absolutists hate free institutions. Thus Bismarck did not like the United States. He was born under an absolute monarchy and he was a believer in militarism, and it grieved him to see German boys emigrate to our American Republic. Why should they wish to leave the Fatherland and live all their days under a constitutional government? He could not see, or rather he would not see, that only under free governments like those of England and America the common man possesses rights that must be respected by all.

XIII

History bears strange testimony against our human race. Its pages are filled with battles and colossal outrages, and reddened from first to last with human blood. But what we so often call history is not history in the best sense of that word. Some day we shall have a real history concerning itself with useful discoveries and inventions and with the advance of civilization. Our books of every kind are reverberant with the names of heroes — Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon; but the men who invented the useful and common appliances of every-day life are wholly forgotten. What did the conquerors named, and more like them, do for mankind? Is the world better for their having lived? No; they deluged the earth with blood, burned cities, murdered thousands of men and women, and orphaned millions of children. Yet history mainly concerns itself with the recording of their names and deeds.

XIV

When Memorial Day comes around I hear voices crying from the dust: "Fewer flowers for our graves, and more loyalty to the institutions for which we were willing to perish! Fewer celebrations of our valor, and more of the spirit that made that valor possible! The

wreaths of the coward and of the politician mock the memory of the hero; the courage of the good soldier is best honored by the faith and virtue of the generations that follow after."

XV

Universal suffrage is only glorified mob-rule; a sort of ragamuffin respectability.

XVI

No one who knows anything about the glory and worth of patriotism will wish to belittle that love of country which lies at the foundation of civil government, but there are nobler sentiments than ordinary love of country. The love of mankind is greater than that of a comparatively small number of men and women who live in one place and speak the same language. The love of God comes before all other loves, and may even lead us to refuse aid to the land of our birth when that land is ranged against what is worthy of support. "My country, right or wrong," is an evil motto, and unconditional loyalty is disloyalty to God because it exalts one's country above its Creator and above the Creator of all lands and of the world itself.

XVII

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the peril of "brilliant generalization"

than that which our own Declaration of Independence affords. The phrase, "All men are born free and equal," when turned into the everyday English of common-sense, amounts to just this: All men are born equally helpless and dependent. It sounds well on paper to say, "All men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but every well-instructed child knows that the verbal air-castle has only empty breath for its foundation. There is but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime right of doing one's duty. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are alienated by the commission of crime, and even the innocent are at times justly required to give up one or all of these for the welfare of society at large. True liberty is attainable only through some degree of surrender, and it is an axiom, not in religious matters only but in secular things as well, that he who would find his life must lose it. Unrestricted liberty of action can exist only upon a desert island, where one man, with no human companion, is "monarch of all he surveys."

XVIII

Turenne displayed true courage when in the hour of battle he thus addressed himself: "You are trembling, carcass of mine; you

would tremble more could you know where I am going to take you." He was alive to the actual danger by which he was surrounded, and yet unshaken in his resolve to face without flinching every peril it was his duty to encounter. Unknown and uncomprehended dangers may be encountered recklessly; only those evils which we see and understand admit of true bravery in the way in which we deal with them.

Where there is no fear there can be no courage. He only who still desires to live can die the death of a brave man. The religious enthusiast who, despising this world and longing for a better one, courts martyrdom, is no hero at all when compared with the soldier who resolutely exposes himself to a death of indescribable agony from which every nerve in his body shrinks, and from which his whole soul recoils. Pale cheeks, bloodless lips, and trembling knees are not signs of cowardice when the soul remains dauntless. Sometimes the confession of cowardice indicates a certain degree of moral courage. With commendable candor Erasmus said of himself: "*Non erat animus ad veritatem, capite, periclitari; non omnes ad martyrium satis habent roboris; vereor autem si quis inciderit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus.*" But the same Peter who denied the Master afterward served him with fidelity, and died for him with unshaken courage.

V

TOIL AND ENDEAVOR

Η γὰρ ἐν τῷ ποιεῖν εὐχέρεια καὶ ταχύτης οὐκ ἐντίθησι βάρος ἔργῳ μόνιμον, οὐδὲ κάλλους ἀκρίβειαν· ὁ δ' εἰς τὴν γένεσιν τῷ πόνῳ προδανεισθεις χρόνος, ἐν τῇ σωτηρίᾳ τοῦ γενομένου τὴν ἰσχὺν ἀποδίδωσιν.

— PLUTARCH.

O God, keep me from inability and laziness.

—MOHAMMED.

TOIL AND ENDEAVOR

I

Work is honorable, and bread and butter are quite as respectable as are ortolan and choice wines. We are, most of us, created on the bread-and-butter side of life, and upon that side we are wanted. To improve the work that belongs to us and that awaits us is much better than to do poorly work that does not belong to us. It was the enemy of mankind who whispered into the attentive but inexperienced ear of our great progenitor, "Ye shall be as gods"; and it is the same old enemy that to-day whispers to the sons of men, "Leave off serving in humble stations, and you shall become the arbiters of destiny and the rulers of the world." Carlyle said in all his life no wiser words than these: "Work is man's true majesty." Said also the ancient Oracle, "Do to-day thy nearest duty,"— do it with all thy might, and do it well.

In the old days in England service, like lordship, extended through many generations, and perfected itself with the years. Men were not ashamed of service. They contemplated with

noble pride the well-performed work of grandfather and great-grandfather, and it was their ambition to do their own work as well. The butler did not trouble his head with dreams of Parliament. Now no man will work if he can escape the necessity. Why should he perfect himself in that which he despises, and which he regards as nothing but a stepping-stone to something better? When you take the dignity out of labor, you destroy the quality and value of labor for all the world.

II

His lot is one of drudgery whose work is not a part of himself.

III

Haste is the great joy-killer. Slowly the child munches its sugared bun. With what leisure it sucks the candy. It would prolong the happy hour. Grown to man's estate, it will sip slowly the fragrant wine. Hurry destroys pleasure. It leads also to excess. In its footsteps tread the glutton and the drunkard. I would sip the wine of life with grateful deliberation.

IV

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and by their very audacity often win for them-

selves a reward of which the angels never dreamed.

V

Make the most of yourself if you would have any one else make anything of you. "God helps them that help themselves." Think meanly of yourself, and the world will take you at your own estimate. A scientific man has assured us that in every drop of water there are latent forces powerful enough to shatter iron and granite. In every youthful heart are resistless energies strong enough to accomplish any possible task. And no man need go down into an obscure grave who has the wit and courage to keep out of it.

VI

It seems to be the peculiar mission of the trained nurse to furnish our sick and dying world with a unique picture of human selfishness. When the nurse has eaten her fill, outslept the patient, and made sure of the two hours allotted her for recreation in the open air, the sick man will be welcome to what little time remains. Under her adroit manipulation the two hours will surely assume greater proportions, and if they do not broaden themselves out into three or even more hours, those who employ her may congratulate themselves. It may be truthfully said that to her other ac-

complishments the trained nurse not infrequently adds quickness of temper. She is not to be disturbed by any weak whim or passing desire of the patient. Her round is established by the physician, and an automatic obedience to the letter of his instructions crowds out every foolish suggestion of sympathy that may happen to come to the surface. The training of nurses calls for reform. You cannot destroy selfishness by didactics, nor can you diffuse a spirit of kindness and humanity by the laboratory and clinical instruction, but you can in large measure eliminate unworthy applicants, and impress it upon the minds of physicians that it is their duty to withhold from such applicants not only indorsement but encouragement.

There is "another evil under the sun." Many nurses have chosen their occupation because of the opportunity it often furnishes of improving the social condition. Young women are naturally anxious to marry into social circles above the humbler ones into which they were born. It is no easy thing to climb, but to "mount," as Scripture expresses it, "upon eagle's wings," is a very different matter. Many a bright and beautiful girl has lived a useful but unwedded life and died an old maid because she was unwilling to live as her parents had lived before her. She wanted to rise, but

she was unable to push herself into a circle in which she was not wanted and in which she was not known. Thus, also, has many a gifted author failed of recognition because his publisher was too penurious to advertise his books and because the public was too stupid to find him out apart from the usual puffing and blowing that disgrace literature. Many a pretty and kindhearted girl, had she but tailor-made garments, a jewel or two, and an introduction, might marry wealth and lead a life of ease if not of luxury.

The trained nurse enters an aristocratic and beautiful home, not as a servant but as a professional attendant. It may be her duty to care for some unmarried man of youth and wealth. He very naturally comes to love her, and when he has recovered, his parents are surprised to discover that he has engaged himself to the charming nurse who made herself so essential to his comfort during the long days that he was alone with her. That some such affairs of the heart will develop is to be expected, but when the occupation itself is viewed as a stepping-stone to opportunities of the kind, the occupation must become wholly mercenary, and must in time lose its real worth and value. If the trained nurse is to be of service to the sick, she must view her work very much as the physician views his. That attachments

will in some cases occur is, as has been said, to be expected, but these should be incidental and not intentional. The young woman who looks upon her occupation as a trap with which she is to catch a wealthy husband as one would catch in its own peculiar trap a squirrel or a woodchuck, she herself being the bait, degrades the occupation she follows.

There are nurses who set the trap for an old fool of large means because his age is a promise of speedy reward. The older the fool snared, the sooner are his bones picked. One rosy-cheeked damsel, when asked how she could bring herself to marry such a decrepit old dotard, replied, "Oh, he won't last long!" He lasted about a year, and, of course, his children were robbed by the young adventuress.

And yet it cannot be denied that there are among our trained nurses some noble and devoted women. The pay they receive is not small. They are, in fact, well paid, and they should be so paid. Many of them take great risks. Some of them care for those who suffer from contagious and infectious diseases. They go where the doctor goes and they face what he faces. A cynical acquaintance assured me that the nurses I described as noble and unselfish were, nearly all of them, homely and ill-favored and had corkscrew curls after the fashion of their great-grandmothers. He said they were

brave and devoted because relieved of the temptations that surround laughing Allegra and bright-eyed Corinna. I do not share his cynicism. I am sure there are heroic hearts everywhere. There are, beneath both ill-favored and beautiful forms and faces, souls that know the call of duty and that may be trusted without fear.

VII

The destiny of this world has been largely determined by the energy and resolution of young men. Alexander, at thirty-three years of age, "wept for want of more worlds to conquer." Scipio Africanus had finished a "career of glory" before he was thirty-one. Papinian became an oracle of Roman law at thirty-four. Charlemagne had made himself master of France and a part of Germany at twenty-nine. Raphael was not thirty when he began to be called the "Divine" Raphael. John Calvin, says Bancroft, "secured an immortality of fame" before he was twenty-eight. Milton had written his best miscellaneous poems at twenty-six. Isaac Newton had reached the pinnacle of his knowledge and fame at thirty. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood before he was thirty-four. William Pitt, the elder, waged war with Walpole at twenty-seven. Napoleon achieved his victories in Italy at

twenty-eight, and the imperial crown at thirty-five. Byron had produced his most brilliant works at thirty-four. Pollock, the author of "The Course of Time," died at twenty-eight. Henry Kirke White was in his grave at twenty-one. Mozart, the great German musician, died at thirty-five. Lafayette was but twenty-three at the siege of Yorktown, and was commander-in-chief of the French national guards at thirty-two. Hamilton was Secretary of the United States Treasury at thirty-two. John Jay was Chief Justice of New York at thirty-two. Summerfield was only twenty-five at the period of his greatest fame as a preacher.

All these made immediate and direct use of their faculties and of every opportunity. Most of them were self-reliant. Even the gentle and timid Henry Kirke White was not without a certain force of spirit. He who would succeed must have not only the strength to wait, but the energy and courage to advance. The Patriarch wrestled with the angel all the night, and said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." The blessing came. As a prince having power with God and man, he prevailed.

VIII

Our doctors plume themselves upon their charitable work, and yet it is only occasionally they perform a deed of professional kindness.

They seldom attend the poor without compensation. Rich patients pay for all that is done for the poorer ones. The doctors may boast of their charity, but they hasten to indemnify themselves when in their net they find a wealthy patient or two entangled.

VI

NATURE

Autumn is a sad and sweet *andante,* which makes an admirable preparation for the solemn *adagio* of winter.

— George Sand.

The pomp of poppied-meadows,
The revel of June roses,
The revel of life made tipsy
With vintages of laughter,
Awake us, and we answer
The call of day with music.

— Richard Hovey.

NATURE

I

How beautiful is the quiet falling of the snow! All the long day that magnificent display goes on, and then, with countless stars in the silent heavens, night comes down, folding in its restful darkness the spectral landscape. Early morning adds to the white expanse its crimson and gold, and behold, the new-born splendor becomes a thing no human language may even remotely describe. Gravity and cohesion keep the heavenly bodies in their celestial orbits and hold revolving worlds together, yet are they silent as the descending snow and invisible as the air we breathe. The resistless forces of Nature in the hazy warmth of a midsummer noon lift thousands of tons of water from river and ocean, bear the glistening drops far above the highest mountains, and deposit them in the reservoirs of the clouds. The entire process goes on before our eyes in unbroken silence. In early spring millions upon millions of buds burst into fragrance and beauty without a sound, so that one might lodge in May or June in the very heart of a forest

and hear only the hum of an insect, the tread of a rabbit in the brush, or the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops. The wild rage of a fool might be heard miles away; the contending of many fools in battle might be heard a much greater distance; but God rolls this earth, twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, over the viewless carpet of space with less noise than a cricket makes on the hearth at night. Amid all our confusion and discord He moves with a serenity that means power and a gentleness that means love.

II

To see God in flowers, the grass, the trees; to hear Him in the song of birds, and in the music of wind and wave; to commune with Him in the silence and darkness of night — thus to hold fellowship with the Eternal is something beyond the power of language to describe. All things are full of God to the soul that has learned to love Him.

III

When the hills, touched with frost in the early autumn, put on their beautiful robes, and all the forests are clothed in scarlet and gold, there is an attraction as strong and as gentle as any subtle influence that haunts the opening of spring-time or pervades the slumberous

summer, heavy with heat and resplendent with canopies of living green. To know Nature at her best one must find her early and leave her late. Of the little villages in New England what can one know who has not seen in the month of May the apple-blossoms white like snow upon the overburdened boughs, and watched in the dreamy mists of Indian-summer the yellow sunsets fade into the purple shadows of October and November twilights. Every season has its peculiar beauty, and of each the words of an American poet are true:

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

When the mind can comprehend that language and understand its message, the roaring winds of mid-winter have as sweet a music when forests bow them to the snowy earth and tall pines are splintered by the blast, as have the gentler voices of the spring-time in "the leafy month of June." The truth in Nature is the same truth we find in human life. Youth has its own peculiar attraction; so has manhood, stout-hearted, self-confident, and robust; and none the less has slowly advancing age. That the last of life is in no way behind the beginning in rich compensation, the gentle Wordsworth knew right well when, by the quiet shores

of Rydal Lake, he wrote those beautiful lines so often quoted, and yet of which we never weary:

"But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

IV

The naturalist, Karl Piotz, has given the scientific world thirty volumes, most of which treat of butterflies; and in these are more than ten thousand illustrations from his own pencil. Karl Piotz's labors show us how vast are the resources of nature. Think of the countless millions of tiny creatures that float in the air and bask in the sunbeam. There are collections that contain seventy thousand distinct species, and new varieties are constantly coming to the knowledge of scientific men. Every drop of water, every grain of sand, every breath of air is crowded with living creatures; and we ourselves are walking zoölogical gardens bearing about in our tissues trillions of animalculæ. Both microscope and telescope open for us the doors of infinity, and disclose world within world and world upon world. A particle of dust floats through the open window and falls upon my desk. I can brush it away with my hand, or waft it into the air with my breath, and yet it is a microcosm having laws and a destiny of its own.

In the last analysis the deepest ocean, and the highest mountain, and, indeed, "the great globe itself," are but vast collections of atoms. You may study and examine in any direction, and never come to a boundary. Upon all sides shoreless possibilities invite and challenge the mind of man.

Is there discouragement in all this? Is there not rather an exquisite delight, thrilling the soul and rousing it to renewed activity? If the universe is shoreless, we are qualified to navigate its expanse; and if no harbor lies before us, no storm may engulf our bark. The introverted vision discovers the world of thought to be as vast as the material universe; indeed, the problems of mind are far more wonderful than those of body. In all this there is an exhilaration which lifts from off us the low roof of conventional thinking and acting, and allows the wind of eternity to blow in upon us with free and joyous wing. The roof must be replaced with one more exalted, giving larger space for growth. That in time must disappear to make room for still another. And ever as we outgrow ourselves, we sing:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

V

The ministry of Nature — what a priesthood and service! No gowned ecclesiastic, to the tinkling of silver bells and the dizzy blaze of superstitious lights, kneels at the altar of the hills. There, in silence, broken only by the songs of happy birds, descends the benediction of the Heavenly Father in sunlight and shadow upon the children of the Divine Love.

VI

We may learn a lesson from the grass that is so lowly no hurricane can dismantle it, so joyous and persistent that men have come to delight in its wealth of perennial green. The baronial castles and ancestral halls of England are not more admired than are the emerald lawns that encircle them.

VII

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

There is perhaps, in all the Iliad, nothing more deep in significance — there is nothing in literature more perfect in human tenderness and honor for the mystery of inferior life — than the verses that describe the sorrow of the divine horses at the death of Patroclus, and the comfort given them by the greatest of gods.

— Ruskin.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

I

When Theodore Parker was a little boy his father walked with him one spring morning in a distant part of the farm. They passed a pond where was blooming a rhodora, which so attracted the boy's attention as to draw him to the water's edge, and there he saw a large spotted tortoise basking in the sunlight. Theodore had never killed any creature, but he had seen boys stone birds and squirrels and torment cats and dogs, and he at once seized a stick to follow their example and destroy the tortoise. But an unseen power restrained his arm and a voice within him said, "It is wrong." The child looked around and saw no one but his father. Fear seized upon him and he hastened to his mother in the utmost alarm and asked her what it was that told him it was wrong. The good woman, wiping the tears from her eyes, took the child in her arms and said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right;

but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding that little voice." Theodore Parker lived to become a great scholar and distinguished preacher, but he never forgot that lesson, and always held conscience in supreme veneration.

II

There is nothing in the Bible, when rightly understood, to discountenance the belief cherished by our own Agassiz, and taught by Leibnitz and the poet Coleridge — the belief that both man and beast enter upon a future life when the joys and sorrows of this are ended. And there is much in the unequal allotments of the life that now is, to render the immortality of the animal world highly probable. Here are two horses equally deserving of kind treatment, but one falls into the possession of a cruel man who is a stranger to mercy, and the other is owned by a man who illustrates the soul of Christian gentleness in the just and humane treatment of creatures dependent upon his will and pleasure. How shall God vindicate His justice and establish the equity of His unequal providence if there be no life for beasts of burden when the toils and hardships of this weary world are forever ended? "I will honestly con-

fess," wrote Toplady, author of the beautiful hymn Rock of Ages, "that I never yet heard one single argument urged against the immortality of brutes which, if admitted, would not, *mutatis mutandis*, be equally conclusive against the immortality of man." Mrs. Somerville, at the age of eighty-nine, wrote in her "Memoirs" as follows: "I cannot believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery; it would be contrary to the attribute of God's mercy and justice. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals." The longer I live the more convinced I am that we all — men, beasts, birds, fishes and insects — are the creatures of a loving God, who will not allow a sparrow to fall to the earth without His notice, and I am willing to believe with the poor Indian who

> "Thinks, admitted to the equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

III

Prayer

Our heavenly Father, have mercy, we beseech Thee, upon all animals of whatever kind, but especially upon such as must work for man's comfort and welfare. Give unto us and unto all men a gentle and compassionate spirit,

that we may deal rightly with Thy creatures under all circumstances and at all times. Have peculiar mercy, we pray Thee, upon such animals as have brutal owners, drivers, and masters. Grant that we may, none of us, increase, through ignorance, thoughtlessness, selfishness, or violence of temper, the suffering of such of Thy creatures as must surrender their lives that we may have food. And, guided and directed by Thee, may we practice mercy and show a compassionate spirit in whatever measures we take for the destruction of such animals as must be destroyed for man's safety and welfare. In all our relations to living creatures may we be just, gentle, and kind, gratefully remembering the goodness of God to us in bestowing upon us human reason and sovereignty over all living creatures. These and all other good things we ask in the name of our Saviour who, when upon earth, said of the birds, "Not one of them is forgotten before God." Amen.

VIII

WOMAN, LOVE, AND HOME

Σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τόσα δοῖεν ὅσα φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾶς,
ἄνδρα τε καὶ οἶκον καὶ ὁμοφροσύνην ὀπάσειαν
ἐσθλήν· οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦγε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον
ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
ἀνὴρ ἠδὲ γυνή· πόλλ' ἄλγεα δυσμενέεσσιν,
χάρματα δ' εὐμενέτῃσι μάλιστα δέ τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοί.

— HOMER.

The chief cause of love is juxtaposition.

— BURTON: "*Anatomy of Melancholy.*"

WOMAN, LOVE, AND HOME

I

The men who have accomplished most owe much to woman's influence. From her counsel the hero derived his courage, and in her approving smile received his reward. The great poems of the world are, many of them, from her inspiration. Blanche of Lancaster lives in the antique English of Chaucer, Laura in the sonnets of Petrarch, and Beatrice in the Divina Commedia of Dante; and who can look upon the marbles of Michel Angelo and not behold the influence of Vittoria Colonna? In all literature there is not a nobler sonnet addressed by man to woman than this which Michel Angelo laid with bowed heart and reverent hand at the feet of Vittoria Colonna:

"The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For, oh! how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly dove.

Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light."

II

There is a Supreme Affection that is not only pure, but that creates purity by its very presence. With contempt it gazes, when gaze it must, upon the infamy of lust and brutal appetite. It is an Affection worthy alone to be called Love. Resplendent with the golden light of the City not builded with hands, it wears upon its brow the ineffable smile of its Creator.

III

Then there is the marriage relation. How many wedded lives come to failure through ignorance. Men and women assume the most sacred responsibilities without preparation, and with no knowledge of themselves or of each other. We say in the marriage service, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder"; but when God does not join, is there anything to sunder? Passion dies, novelty disappears, youth fades, and unless love be founded

upon an intelligent and mutual esteem, shall it not also crumble? It has been said, "one cannot be at once lover and friend," but you may be sure one will not long remain the former who is not as well the latter. We need to cultivate friendship. Passion will come and go like the shadows of clouds over the smooth surface of a lake, and no love is abiding without friendship. He was right who exclaimed, "They who are joined by love without friendship, walk on gunpowder with lighted torches in their hands!" They who build love upon the foundation of mutual esteem —

> "Make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song."

IV

Love must have in it something larger and nobler than passion. There must be oneness of sympathy, and delight in companionship founded upon a common ideal in life. Only through such an ideal is it possible to rise above the vulgar littlenesses that make life barren. There seems to have been in the united lives of Lewes and the author of "Adam Bede" the ideal described. We find it in lesser degree, and yet as distinctly, in the love that made forever one the common destiny of Sir John Millais and the beautiful woman who was once the mismated

wife of Ruskin. This same ideal (though the marriage was in this case perfectly regular if we leave out of sight its clandestine and "runaway" features) may be discovered also in the one life and aspiration of Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

V

In ancient times and in the East nurses were held in greater esteem than now with us. Homer sang their praise; Virgil celebrated their virtues; and Ovid extolled their wisdom and kindness. It is no trivial office to guide and direct the development of a child's life. The nurse is second mother, and her influence is sometimes, perhaps often, deathless as the soul she instructs. The Bible teaches respect and consideration for those who are socially beneath us as servants, nurses, and dependent children of humble toil. The true lady takes her politeness into the kitchen; it is her ability to do so that makes her the lady she is. Not fine manners in the ball-room, but a genuine and gracious dignity seasoned with womanly kindness, creates the true lady. Few think of the Bible as a book of social and domestic etiquette, and yet such it is. Let a man follow its precepts, and he shall become not only a good man, but a *gentleman;* and whatever woman will conform to the spirit of the Sermon

on the Mount shall find her life steadily developing into all that makes a beautiful character and fine address.

VI

Love letters are a literature in themselves, and are wholly unlike other kinds of composition. Their writers, with marvellous delicacy, place upon paper what nothing could induce them to say with the living voice. Though the writer be no poet, yet in his letter crowded with fine figures of rhetoric, metaphors, and sentimental and impassioned bursts of feeling. Not infrequently the composition deepens to a religious intensity that touches the thought with something like inspiration. Letters of every kind but those of love go out of fashion. Telegraph and telephone have rendered unnecessary much of our ordinary correspondence. Business letters are now typewritten by clerks and scribes of one kind or another; but always the love letter is a personal matter. No woman could endure a machine-made love letter. The charm of style, the delicate suggestiveness, must come from the very hand of the man beloved.

VII

There is, however, another side to the so-called "race suicide" question. Mothers do

not wish to feed the military glory of France, nor do they desire to feed that of any other nation with their own sons. The needs of the army and of the navy do not appeal to them under the circumstances named. The very fact that boys are wanted for such uses seems to them to furnish an excellent reason why boys should be hard to obtain. The old cry of patriotism with which the authorities were wont to fool the unwary has lost much of its power. Large families are not so desirable as are good ones; and good families are not so likely to be large. Woman's function is not simply to bear children, but also to rear them; and that not as food for powder, but as the supporters of society and good government. I doubt if the world would be in any wise injured were no children to be born during the next three years. The earth is well populated in all those portions where life is possible without great hardship. The increased cost of living has a decided tendency to restrict the size and open-handedness of the family. Comparatively few men can afford to marry in early life unless the bride brings a generous bestowment in money, and so it has come to pass that the dowry is an actual necessity. This necessity, of course, increases with the increasing size of the family.

VIII

How shall we strengthen love that it may endure when the fires of youth and passion are cold? Only by the cultivation of those noble virtues which, like bands of steel, weld together in one life and faith honest and pure hearts. How shall two hearts grow old together? Only by the persistent cultivation of those qualities which are ever young and which age not with declining years. The young man will not be guilty of an act tainted with meanness or baseness lest the maiden he loves blot his image from the pure heaven of her heart; let the young husband and wife cherish the same fear and honor, and they shall grow nearer and dearer as the years silver their brows. The happiness of marriage depends upon the very highest and most delicate of reserves, the most noble and careful speech, the best and most honorable perception; upon a kindness greater than that of a mother to her child.

IX

We have in the Bible pictures of womanly tenderness and nobleness, and also of womanly debasement unequaled in secular literature. I know how exalted are the women of Homer — "The Heroes' Battle-Prize," "The Heavenly-Minded," "The Sought-For," "The Sister

of Heroes," "The Widely-Praised," "Ruling by Beauty," "The Far-Thoughted," "The Hospitable," "The Ship-Guider," and "The Web-Raveler"— names that indicate the queenly beauty of the women who bore them; but I search Iliad and Odyssey in vain for one trace of that glorified character, sublime self-sacrifice and unwavering faith which "crowned the daughters of Israel and made them daughters of Jehovah." On the other hand, Shakespeare's "Lady Macbeth" is weakness itself when compared with Jezebel, who from the harem of Ahab mounted with blood-stained feet the throne of God's chosen people, and there defied the majesty of heaven.

X

The supreme glory of consecrated womanhood lies in the consecration itself. The love of God makes every other love immortal. What love through Him we give to others is forever. Only as we consecrate our lives to the Divine Love can we hope to become heavenly-minded; and they only consecrate themselves to the Divine Love who, in imitation of our Saviour, give heart and hand to the service of mankind. There is a fable that four young ladies, disputing as to the beauty of their hands, called upon an aged woman who had solicited

alms, for a settlement of the dispute. The three whose hands were white and faultless had refused her appeal, while she whose fingers were brown and rough had given in charity. Then the aged beggar said: "Beautiful are these six uplifted hands, soft as velvet and snowy as the lily: but more beautiful are the two darker hands that have given charity to the poor." Learn the lesson of consecrated womanhood. In olden times, when the children of Israel prepared the Tabernacle in the wilderness, "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair." The wise-hearted women of to-day are the daughters of modern Israel who from the love of God serve faithfully the great family of mankind.

XI

A VERY intelligent woman told the writer that the ferocity of the social judgment sprang from the most abject fear. "The woman who goes astray," she said, "endangers the home, which is woman's special province. If she goes unpunished, we may at any time lose a husband, and see a home broken up. When she tempts a man she wrongs a woman. Self-defense calls

for the most desperate measures. We cannot take her life, but we can do more — we can crush her soul." I said, by way of reply: "Most women who fall are tempted by men before they in turn become tempters of men. I should think that of the two, the man would be usually the more guilty. Is it, then, reasonable to ruin the woman while the man goes uninjured and even unrebuked?" She answered, "We could not reach the man if we would. It is to keep him, and not to lose him, that we wage war upon the tempter. His sin may be before God as great as is that of the woman, but its effect upon the home is not so disastrous."

XII

Most women have what we call the maternal instinct; in some it is strong, and in others weak, but few are wholly without it. Where there are children, the instinct finds its own natural expression in all those tender endearments and noble self-sacrifices which render motherhood the divinely beautiful thing men have always believed it to be. But often (oftener now than in earlier days) marriage is not fruitful, and the maternal instinct, deprived of its natural outlet, usurps in some measure the place sacred to conjugal affection. With a love not wholly wifely but in part maternal,

the woman encroaches upon the personal freedom and manly independence of her husband. She has in one both husband and child. If it so happens that she is the older of the two, this encroachment becomes more decided, and, it may be, more harmful.

XIII

THE social circle is feminine, and its verdict is always a woman's verdict.

XIV

WOMEN are more chaste than men, but they have fewer temptations, less violent passions, and more to fear from the consequences of wrongdoing. They are less liable to be intemperate and brutal, but they have more vanity and jealousy; these they do not always exhibit to the world, because they have tact to a degree seldom within the knowledge and practice of men. Women are more merciful, but men have a better sense of impartial justice. Women are sympathetic and compassionate, but they lack the force and energy of their brothers and husbands.

XV

WOMEN, light of heart, paint in the gay colors of their cheerful and hopeful souls. They are born optimists, living near the surface, if

not actually upon it. Men, too easily depressed, create for themselves a universe wherein the dog-star reigns. It is a universe in drab. The masculine temperament is resolute but not hopeful. Men sink their analysis to the inmost core of things. They themselves dwell deep down below the surface where the sunlight does not always penetrate.

XVI

To the human heart happiness is the very breath of life. We may not be able to say with Pope that it is "our being's end and aim," but experience proves it to be an essential element in well-being. There have been noble characters matured in darkness, but for one such there have been thousands of stunted characters that came to their ruin through want of light. We must have some measure of happiness; without it the man is as a plant deprived of light. A happy home is no idle dream of the poet. In every age and land the heart of man demands it as an essential and supreme good. Domestic happiness may not be what Cowper calls it, "the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall," but it certainly is that without which life must lose no small part of its value. Home is, or should be, the place of confidence, where there are no masks and no

suspicions. In every language under the sun the human heart voices through some proverb its conscious need of, and its delight in, the domestic circle. It is said of an Englishman's house, "it is his castle"; and again they tell us that "home is always home, be it never so humble." The French proverb runs, "To every bird its nest is fair." The German cries, "East and West, the home is best." In many a Spanish rhyme we read that "the smoke of one's own house is better than the fire of another's."

XVII

I DO verily believe that nine women out of ten would prefer a little garden filled with pretty flowers to the most beautiful lawn that ever stretched its carpet of green from private porch to public road. More attractive to dainty lady or thrifty housewife is a full-blown rose than the noblest tree that ever lifted giant branches to a cloudless summer sky or battled with mid-winter tempests. Yet when it comes to the selecting of a husband the whole outlook is changed. Women want the human oak and elm. But men wish for the flower, fragrant with womanly sweetness and radiant with smiles.

XVIII

LONG engagements are of advantage to men, and of great disadvantage to women — they

make saints of the former, and wall-flowers of the latter.

XIX

Of a certain very beautiful woman, I heard a man say: "I do not love her — I could not love her; and yet when I meet her I am conscious of a shock as from an electric battery." Those words reminded me of the saying of Bacon: "There is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness in the proportion." The longer I think upon it, the more clearly it appears that there is something in the highest development of beauty that not only charms but astonishes. Indeed, it is doubtful if true beauty ever exists apart from some degree of surprise.

XX

As ordinary and even trivial words when translated into pathetic music capture the most sluggish imagination and infuse into it new life, so a common nature, transfigured with beauty, wins its way to the hardest heart. Well writes the world's greatest poet, "All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth." There is a beauty no artist can transfer to canvas, and no sculptor carve in marble: a beauty we cannot behold with the eye, nor describe with pen or voice: a beauty we can only feel as an undefined presence. Not all souls are sensitive to

its influence. A certain spiritual clairvoyance is necessary in order to find it out, but when once it is discovered, its power over its discoverer is resistless. We wonder what a certain woman could discern in a man who seemed to us dull and prosaic, that induced her to leave all and follow him. She was not deceived. There were qualities in his character and presence we could neither see nor appreciate.

A very shrewd and practical man once said to me: "Judged by the wisdom of this world, and by the rules and maxims of policy, I am a great fool to think of marrying the woman whose name I have given you; but I tell you honestly, that I would cheerfully give all I have and all I hope to have, might I but call her 'wife.'" She was twenty years older than he, and socially his inferior; but they married and lived happily together.

George Eliot tells us, "it is a deep mystery — the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen." It may be a deep mystery, but it would be a deeper one were it otherwise.

XXI

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the 'forget-me-nots,' of the angels." *Evangeline.*

This is the story of the "Forget-me-not." A lover and his lady walked one afternoon upon the bank of a swift and swollen stream, on the other side of which bloomed a beautiful flower, blue as the unclouded sky and delicate as the morning mist. The lady had never seen the little flower before, and greatly desired to have it. The wish was no sooner expressed than love prompted the youth to cross the raging torrent. This he did by means of a prostrate tree that spanned the wild waters. The exquisite flower was, with much peril, plucked from the overhanging cliff, and with his treasure the lover turned to retrace his steps. But midway over the stream his foot slipped and he fell into the foaming current below. A few moments of desperate struggle with the hungry and engulfing waves made it clear that the shore could not be regained, and with the desperation of love he made one final effort and cast at the feet of his lady the flowers all wet and bruised, crying, "Forget-me-not," and then sank beneath the water. Thus it was the German *Vergiszmeinnicht* obtained its romantic name.

IX

MUSIC, ART, AND BEAUTY

The arts receive
The natural man,
And educate him step by step
Unto the master-art,
The art of life.

— Hosmer.

MUSIC, ART, AND BEAUTY

I

Words suggest colors, and there are those who believe that they suggest also forms. One calls to mind the answer of the blind man, who, on being asked what idea he had of scarlet, replied that it was like the sound of a trumpet. The theory of sound as connected with musical instruments has been classified thus:

WIND INSTRUMENTS

TROMBONE . . . . . DEEP RED	FLUTE . . . . . SKY BLUE
TRUMPET . . . SCARLET	DIAPASON . . DEEP BLUE
CLARIONET . . . ORANGE	DOUBLE DIAPASON . . . PURPLE
OBOE . . . . . YELLOW	HORN . . . . . VIOLET
BASSOON (ALTO) . . . . DEEP YELLOW	

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

VIOLIN . . . . . PINK	VIOLONCELLO . . . . RED
VIOLA . . . . . ROSE	DOUBLE BASS . . . . DEEP CRIMSON RED

. . . . . .

The effect of color upon the feelings when sounds harmonious to them are made is ex-

ceedingly interesting. The sound of the village clock at night-fall, the chirp of insects in early evening, the ripple of the mountain stream, and the wind in the darkness of night — all these gentle sounds suggest each its own color. The sound of the Falls of Niagara has been called " an appalling sound"— at night it suggests darkness more dense than that of midnight.

Poetry has a varied sound to the mental ear, and what that sound shall be is determined by surrounding scenery and circumstances. Think of the exquisite sweetness and tender emotion that gather about lines like these, sung in the evening twilight on the bosom of a lake, or on some overhanging cliff with a little village far in the distance, from which the evening bells sound faintly:

" Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime! "

II

Music is the modern method of giving utterance to whatever is finest in feeling and in the emotions. It was through plastic art that the ancients voiced the deep experiences, the hopes, desires, and forebodings of the human heart.

The mediæval world made use of painting for the same end. Each art has its own peculiar excellence, but of them all music is certainly the finest,— the most ethereal and delicate.

III

Over the dead Raphael floated the Transfiguration which the illustrious artist painted for the cathedral of Norbonne in France, and which is now preserved among the most sacred treasures of the Vatican. On Richter's coffin they placed a copy of one of his books. The great soldier must have his sword accompany him to the grave. A western vine-grower whose vineyards made purple all the hill-side had buried with him a bottle of his choicest wine. An aged violinist held in his unconscious grasp the musical instrument he loved so well. A clergyman had placed in his coffin a copy of the New Testament in which his mother had written her name when he was a child. In a grave near the city of Richmond there is deposited a little tin bank filled with coins of small value that were collected and prized by a child. The mother placed the treasure there because in that grave she had herself deposited a much greater treasure. All the world knows how Dante Gabriel Rossetti buried in his wife's grave the manuscript of a volume of his un-

published poems. In that volume were some of the poet's best verses. The treasure was recovered only after the pleading of some of his warmest friends.

IV

The cultivation of manners is self-culture at its best, for bearing, deportment, and even appearance are a revelation of character. Great importance attaches to a soldier's physique. The step is scarcely less important than the manual of arms. The soldier's physical presence determines in no small measure his moral structure and his worth as a fighter. Soldierly deportment will beget soldierly virtues. Manners give power to a superior mind. They equip the mind and insure it victory. Thus with weapons neither rude nor aggressive the field is won.

V

Culture is essentially catholicity and breadth of sympathy.

VI

Culture is cosmopolitan. The man of affairs equally with the man of books may have this fine and noble quality, but no narrow sectarian or selfish partisan can lay just claim to its exquisite grace and beauty.

VII

THE professions and the social circles must, well-nigh all of them, adopt defensive measures. Physicians have their code of medical ethics so framed as to exclude professional pretenders. Lawyers have rules and regulations with which they shut out from their legal associations wrongdoers. Authors protect themselves in the same way. Social circles give what is called "the cold shoulder"; and of all cold things, that kind of a shoulder is the coldest. The studied neglect of a beautiful lady, well painted, powdered, and bejeweled, is something to carry dismay to the stoutest heart. Women are more gifted than are men in the silent but remorseless warfare of snubs and contempt. Only those who have been wounded know how equally effective as a weapon is a woman's tongue.

VIII

I WEARY of hearing this perpetual discourse concerning the moral purpose of poetic art. The end and aim of all good verse is song. The composition need not be distinctively lyric, and yet songless verse, be it never so correct in measure and pleasing in structure, is not poetry.

IX

In the respect I show another I foster self-respect. Fine address is seldom far removed from fine feeling. Behavior is the sign we hang out to show others what may be expected of us. In what we do we reveal what we are. Social distinctions are not wholly arbitrary. The wall I construct around my field is exterior to that field, and is in no sense whatever a part of the field. But social barriers are a part of society itself, and for that reason society could not exist without them. The wall does not, as has been said, form any part of my field, nor is it necessary to the existence of that field. It only defines its boundary, and prevents strangers from intruding upon it. But the rules and regulations with which society surrounds itself not only prevent intrusion, but are themselves a part of the society they guard and protect. They are absolutely essential. There could be no society (at least no select society) without them.

X

We must distinguish between culture and mere polish. The two are often confounded, the one with the other, and yet they are entirely different things. Polish is superficial; that is to say, it has to do with the surface only, while

culture is a change in quality. The distinction is clear enough in matters connected with social life. It requires more than a French finishing school to make a lady, and more than a gold-rimmed eye-glass to make a gentleman. One is neither lady nor gentleman so long as the moral nature remains uncultivated. As well might an uncultivated patch of ground be taken for a garden. A gentleman is a gentleman at heart or he is not one in any sense of the word. A true lady is gentle, modest, conciliatory, cordial, thoughtful of others, kind to her servants, and charitable in her judgments. But in all this there is something more than the developing of mere natural resources. Doubtless the possibilities of an oak are enclosed by the shell of the acorn, but light, air, and moisture have entered into the account. The light of sun and star, summer rain and winter frost, and all the juices of the earth are in that tree. A thousand outside influences unite with inward possibilities to make us what we are.

XI

Life is a series of disillusionments. First, the fairies die, then the wiser theories of early years, later the plans of a mature judgment, and last of all the radiant hopes and, sometimes, the good resolves of those weary days in

which we so commonly make a virtue of our unlovely necessities. But memory lives on with a sweet and gentle persistence. Out of the wreck of life she saves the most beautiful things, and youth fares best of all at her hands.

XII

When the evening lamps are lighted, the curtains drawn, and the warm glow of the hearth-fire invites the weary soul to withdraw itself for a time from the anxiety and discord of the outer world, there come to us from the open leaves of noble books, such as Charles Lamb used to kiss with the tenderness of a lover, the ones "whom to name were to praise." They throng around us, and in their delightful society we soon lose the burdens that have pressed heavily all the long day; and out of a heart full to overflowing we exclaim with Fletcher:

"That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers."

XIII

God only can paint silence, darkness, and a star.

XIV

The true gentleman fences himself about with propriety. He observes the fitness of things, and has great respect for established rules and for the customs that prevent encroachment. To the rude and vulgar he seems encased by a thin sheet of ice. He will not be handled.

XV

Poetry introduces us to another world — a world of pure beauty. It is a world in which music is the one and only language. Reason and philosophy have no place there. Clamorous passions that concern themselves with common wants and vulgar aims may not enter that enchanted realm where only the higher hopes and desires of the soul come and go in color and tone. It is a twilight world of cool evening air and morning sunrise, with no torrid noon, full of toil and endeavor. Poetry means beauty, whether inward or external; for that it stands and for nothing more. Those who discourse of the supreme moral purpose of art know but little of the art of which they discourse.

To the man whose whole being is open to music of whatever kind, all things that have in them any beauty sing and dance; and dancing is only the singing of the limbs and feet. The

feet glance and twinkle like the sunbeam, float like the clouds, or storm like the wild elements in nature. Sun and rain, wind and wave, tree, flower, and grass add joy to the tenderness and pathos of the universal melody. All our expressions of beauty are symbolic. The dancing of Isadora Duncan, the creations of William Blake, and the dramatic representations from classical, mediæval, and even, in some cases, modern times are symbols which, as we brood over them, produce within our minds the beauty for which they stand and which it is their nature to reproduce. Art means beauty, and of all arts poetry is the most enduring, the most ennobling, and the most exalted.

X

LITERATURE AND LITERARY FAME

The ink of the scholar is more holy than the blood of the martyr.

— Mohammed.

Pen, wax, and parchment govern the world.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY FAME

I

Everything happens so quietly and gently in the old book-shop that you wonder if there is not something in the mere presence of books that men have overlooked. You somehow feel that what little is said betwen leaf and leaf is sacred. The Romans hung in the banqueting room directly over the table a beautiful rose to remind the guests that the conversation at the table must not be repeated on the morrow or at any other time, but must be sacredly preserved as an inviolable secret. To every guest "*sub rosa*" meant concealment and silence. White was the color of the rose, because it was a white rose that Cupid dedicated to the god of silence.

In the dear old book-shop you will see over the long rows of tempting volumes no white flower suggesting silence, but you will see what is just as good as, and to the book-lover much better than, the rose of silence: you will see the no less sacred and dust-white cobweb. In capacious wine-vaults the cobwebs gather over the

musty corks of old and well-seasoned bottles, and the critical judge will pick out no new vintage, but, stretching his arm and thrusting his hand into some dark corner, he will bring to view a mass of dust and cobwebs. He knows what he wants, and he wants the very best. In that mass of dust he holds the finest wine in the cellar.

In McDonough's [1] shop you will do well to brush aside the dust, for under it all one may sometimes find the richest wine of letters. Take the sliding steps (you find such in every large book-shop) and mount to the top shelf. The best books are not supposed to be there, but one can never know just what he will find; no doubt you may come upon some *vin ordinaire* or some new vintage, but you may find as well the very life-blood of the mellowest grape in all the vast vineyard of letters.

The mellow grape of golden song,
How rich the life-blood in its veins;
Happy his hours, his life how long,
Who the glad wine of letters drains.

II

The old books are often the best. They have endured the test of time. Thought and

[1] Joseph McDonough, known all over the United States and in England as "Ye Olde Booke Man."

study have enriched their pages. Comment and criticism have drawn to the surface all their deep meaning. Many new works that come before the reading world with great flourish of trumpets and blaze of glory shine only in light borrowed from more ancient luminaries. It is well for us to take Emerson's advice and "read no mean books. Good travellers stop at the best hotels; there is the best company and the best information. In like manner the scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts."

III

We owe much to books, and every year greatly increases the debt. They have preserved to us the treasures of the past, and they constantly awaken within our bosoms aspirations that quicken us to all that is noble in life. They are the best consolers of a wounded heart. To them we may go in the hour of sorrow and of misfortune, and find true and unwavering friendship.

IV

Petrarch, it is said, planted a bay-tree by the tomb of Virgil to replace one that was originally there, but that perished when Dante died in 1290. It was at the tomb of Virgil that Boccaccio renounced the career of a merchant

and dedicated his life to the cultivation of poetry and the study of literature.

V

An author's books, when once published, belong to the world, but his private life remains his own. It does not follow that because a poet's work interests others, he must dress and undress in a crowded room after the fashion of old-time kings.

VI

We must cultivate a manly taste for wholesome food, in the mind as well as in the physical nature. The books which accomplish the most good and finally yield the greatest pleasure do not always at first furnish the most agreeable companionship.

VII

I envy not the man who loves not books. Books are friends to win our confidence and cheer our lonely hours. They are not *things* of commercial value only, nor are they treasures to hide away and hoard. They are friends and companions of the well-filled pipe, the mug of ale, and the rainy day.

VIII

Blessed is the man who lives in holy fellowship with great and noble books. His is a

world upon which no evil genius may breathe the blight of a selfish and unlovely spirit. Angels wait upon him day and night. His solitude is peopled with heavenly companionship. The highest delight possible to man is his. Before him open the gates of Paradise.

IX

How strange a thing is fame. It has no visible presence, yet thousands woo it with all the passion of a lover, and are willing to die if only they may hear their names sounded from its lips of song and story. Verily men chase a phantom. Yet history were something quite unlike the record it now is had not the heart of humanity thrilled to the music of remembrance. The grave is deep, but vast are the heavens to which we aspire, and glory crowns the dream of youth as well as the toil of midlife and the serene wisdom of age.

X

How noble and yet how poor a thing is Fame. The ancients said much about its beauty and evanescence, and much also about its debasing influence over those who gave it the supreme place in their hearts. Marcus Aurelius expressed in clear and graceful words the feeling of the best men and women of his day with regard to all earthly glory:

Μικρὸν δὲ καὶ ἡ μηκίστη ὑστεροφημία, καὶ αὐτὴ δὴ κατὰ διαδοχὴν ἀνθρωπαρίων τάχιστα τεθνηξομένων, καὶ οὐκ εἰδότων οὐδὲ ἑαυτοὺς οὐτέ γε τὸν πρόπαλαι τεθνηκότα. Ἀλλὰ τὸ δοξάριόν σε περισπάσει. Ἀπιδὼν εἰς τὸ τάχος τῆς πάντων λήθης καὶ τὸ χάος τοῦ ἐφ' ἑκάτερα ἀπείρου αἰῶνος, καὶ τὸ κενὸν τῆς ἀπηχήσεως, καὶ τὸ εὐμετάβολον καὶ ἄκρατον τῶν ἀφ' ἡμῖν δοκούντων καὶ τὸ στενὸν τοῦ τόπου ἐν ᾧ περιγράφεται. Ὅλη τε γὰρ ἡ γῆ στιγμὴ καὶ ταύτης πόσον γωνίδιον ἡ κατοίκησις αὕτη; καὶ ἐνταῦθα πόσοι, καὶ διοί τινες οἱ ἐπαινεσόμενοι.

XI

Let me write over my library, "Mash Allah,"— the Gift of God,— for I can say with St. Francis de Sales, "I have sought repose everywhere, and have found it only in a little corner with a little book."

XII

We are sometimes asked in a conspicuous advertisement to purchase a certain book simply because it is not worth purchasing. The book is announced as the work of a peasant, a rustic, a workman, a man of no education, or a little child. We read that Anne Yearsley, the Bristol milkmaid, has appeared in print; that the Davidson sisters, both of them untrained children, have given the world what they and their publishers are pleased to call poems; that a little girl, yet in her early teens and short frocks,

has blossomed into verse; or that a lad in the high school has published one of his compositions. Mrs. Hemans, when a child, published a book of verses having little beauty and no worth. I have in my library "Poems by Felicia Dorothea Browne" (Mrs. Hemans's maiden name), in the preface of which an indulgent public learns that "the following pieces are the genuine productions of a young lady between the ages of eight and thirteen years." The "pieces," as they are called, are trivial, commonplace, and jejune, and could never have seen the light but for the foolish generosity of the Right Honourable Viscountess Kirkwall. The authoress lived to become a distinguished poet, but she never reprinted a line of the book once so bravely exploited. I have in her autograph a letter addressed by her in mid-life to her publisher, rebuking him for seeking to reprint for mercenary ends those "pieces," regardless of her later judgment.

XIII

Keats, one of the most delightful of English singers, the creator, as well as the worshipper, of beauty, whose verses have and will always have a marvellous charm hard to explain, was afraid of the critic. There are those who say it was a reviewer and not con-

sumption that slew him in the morning of his youth. Be that as it may, the fear was unreasonable. Why should a poet like Keats dread the adverse judgment of any one? To speak the truth, no worthy writer need give himself any concern touching the opinion of his reviewers. The censor-in-letters has had his day and it has passed from him, never to return. Men wonder at the appalling pronouncements of the great quarterlies of the last century, and even more do they wonder at the anxiety and vexation those pronouncements occasioned in the minds of sensitive poets and writers of good prose.

That Keats took to heart the attacks ("critiques," they were called!) of the quarterly, *Blackwood's*, and more periodicals of the kind is not so strange as one living under the altered conditions of the present day might think. The reviewer was then in his saddle, and his tinsel and frippery made a great show. No one had yet found him out. The personal abuse which "old man" Gifford heaped upon the dazed and demoralized English poet was supposed to be criticism, and the publisher of "Endymion" was as badly scared by the said Gifford's tumult and uproar as was the timid author himself. In the Southern States in America an eclipse of the sun (one of the moon would do as well) never failed of sending re-

cently emancipated slaves scurrying to the woods for safety. Gifford's hurriedly-gotten-up eclipse of common sense, with the accompaniment of no small amount of stage thunder and lightning, had a like effect upon the still unemancipated Mr. Taylor and the sensitive and gifted maker of "Endymion." All persons anywise connected with the perpetration of that poem made something more than "schedule time" in their retreat to the woods, with the irascible Mr. William Gifford in hot pursuit.

Keats was easily frightened. A reviewer's "Boo!" caused him to tremble from head to foot. When the critic attacked Byron he got pay in his own coin, though, to tell the truth, the young lord's immature verses were a fair mark for vitriol-tipped arrows of every kind.

The day of the censorial "Boo!" has, as we have said, passed away forever. Every man is now at liberty to express his opinion, and few care very much what any man's opinion may be. This is an age of "Go as you like, and do as you please!"— an age in nowise favorable to great achievements in arts or letters. But all the lawlessness and vulgarity of to-day may be justly laid at the feet of the Giffords and men of the kind who thrived in fustian a century or more ago. Once in a while a paper like the *Nation* or *The Evening Post* will utter an ineffectual little squeal, and

cry "Boo!" but no one thinks of scurrying to the woods.

Some time ago the former of the papers named, having come upon a very respectable book of which it apparently knew about as much as Gifford knew of the very much greater "Endymion," noticed the said work doubtless in a way quite satisfactory to that paper's editor. Its reviewer, or penny-a-liner ("a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"), called the following section of a paragraph in praise of marriage "a little indecent": "Resplendent with the golden light of the City not builded with hands, it wears upon its brow the ineffable smile of its Creator." There is no accounting for taste nor yet for the want of it, but the above book-notice helps us to understand why so few in this age share with Keats his distressing awe of the professional critic. Let us hope the "critic" in this case had been out the night before and had not yet recovered from his mild hilarities. We will not believe the august and venerable critic of the *Nation* seriously thinks (that is to say, after he has rested) the line he cited and which we have reproduced in any degree "indecent."

Once such a pronouncement as we have quoted from the *Nation* would have affected an author beyond present belief. But, as has been said, no one is frightened now, nor is any

one greatly interested in the fulminations of belated critics who, having survived their fellows, are still able to make sundry mirth-provoking thrusts with a more or less noisy pen.

XIV

Alexander Dumas was a dreamer — not in any ideal sense, or after any poetic fashion; he was a realistic dreamer. His books are romances, and so fanciful that to finish reading one of them is like wakening from a dream — a dream, not of heaven or of purgatory, but of earth. The men and women of his dreams are neither angels nor phantoms: they are real flesh and blood. They are as human as ever: they sin with the same daintiness, and are virtuous with the same carelessness, and live, love, and die with the same shallow brilliance that men and women exhibit every day in the streets of Paris.

XV

To New England belongs the honor of having given to the world a collection of literary men unequalled for social purity and uprightness by any or all of the great intellectual circles of this or any other age. Channing, Everett, Emerson, Longfellow, Hale, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Fields,

Thoreau, and Aldrich, are names unclouded by even a faint suspicion of anything unworthy of a pure and noble manhood.

XVI

The critic was once of service to the world of letters and arts, but his day is now ended and he has become a nuisance. We can get on without him. The reviews and critiques of the present time are little more than expressions of personal likes and dislikes.

XI

OLD AGE AND DEATH

Brutes die but once;
Blest, incommunicable privilege for which
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the stars,
Philosopher or hero — sighs in vain.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

— Thomas Fuller.

OLD AGE AND DEATH

I

At Windsor, in the merry land of England, where linger still those simple manners that keep us young long after the years have silvered the hair and furrowed the brow, there died in 1832 Thomas Pope, a shepherd who, like the Good Shepherd of whom we read in the Sacred Book, "loved the sheep." He had seen the flowers of ninety-six summers bloom and fade in the dooryard that had been the delight of his early days, and in which he sat through many a twilight hour of the long evening of his well-spent life.

He commenced tending sheep when as a lad he received but two pence per day, and nothing could induce him to change his occupation. His humble station in life was lifted above the rudeness and vulgarity that so easily attach themselves to its seemingly trivial duties by the artless sincerity and sweet purity of the man. He was every day alone with the sheep many hours, and, wanting human companionship, he would seat himself upon a moss-grown boulder

under a spreading elm where he could see the creatures of his charge and watch with curious attention their way of living. He came after a time to love the sheep, and he thought them better company than the men and women with whom he conversed at the village inn and with whom he worshipped in the old stone church, where for many generations his lowly ancestors had lifted their untutored hearts to Heaven.

At last the old man came to die, and when the doctor could do no more they sent for the preacher. "Old Thomas, the Shepherd," for so they called him for miles and miles around, listened to the reading of the prayers for the sick, and added his own quiet and reverent Amen. Then he said it was his particular wish that his crook and bell might be buried with him — the crook in one hand and the bell in the other.

Early in the morning the sun looked in at the window of the low-thatched cottage, but the shepherd saw it not, for he had gone far away to abide with the countless dead that, if they be not great or wise, we soon forget. A crowd of rustic folk from far and near, and with them the lord of the Manor, followed the shepherd to his lowly grave. In the deal coffin that the village carpenter made were the crook and bell from which old Thomas would not be parted. With the funeral procession came also the

meek-eyed sheep that had for so long a time followed their kindly caretaker; and their bleating mingled not irreverently with the solemn words of prayer.

The minister read the Twenty-third Psalm, in which the Lord is represented as the Shepherd of his people; and then they covered the old man with turf, and left him under the flowers and the trees that were so soon to drink up the juices of his body, changing them into the beauty of the rose and the grateful refreshment of shade under boughs of oak and elm. More than seventy years the old man has rested in the grave they gave him that Autumn day, and now, after so long a time, by mere chance, I have come upon the story of his obscure life and well-rendered service.

II

THE man who strives to forget Death only thinks of it the more. There is for all of us but one way of escape from its impending shadow, and that we find in strong and noble living.

III

A MAN'S dread of death and a child's fear of darkness are the same thing. In both cases, Imagination is the terror-worker, and in both cases the remedy is Light.

IV

THE earth we tread is a vast cemetery. The stones under our feet are all written over with histories and marvellous tales of the dead — histories and tales no eye will ever read, and to which no ear will listen. It has been estimated by scientists that on each square rod of our earth something like 1280 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The entire surface of our globe, then, has been dug up 128 times to bury its dead. The dead are everything, they are everywhere, — under our feet, over our heads, and on every side. They are in the solid earth on which we stand, the unfathomed oceans that surround our continents, and through the spaces of the air they ride on every wind. Not formless phantoms wrought from the texture of a dream are the unnumbered hosts that come and go through all the crowded thoroughfares of life; they are real and tangible in the perfume of the rose and the whiteness of the untrodden snow, the motion of the wave and the hardness of the rock, the richness of the harvest and the primeval grandeur of the forest.

V

THERE is a certain companionship in sound. The man who pokes fun at death whistles to

keep his courage up. Passing a graveyard after dark, he thinks to scare the spectres of which he is afraid, by making a noise. The sound of one's own voice inspires courage even when nothing is said worth the saying.

VI

Man in a savage state has little fear of death. He fears sorcery and diabolism for the reason that these have power, in his opinion, so to influence his life on earth as to make it both brief and unfortunate. Only when the unknown seizes upon the imagination and demands an explanation, because the brain of man has in the process of development reached a larger growth, does the fear of death become oppressive. The fear is largely selfish, and from it escape is possible through either religious or altruistic channels: the former lead to an alliance with what we dread, and the latter conduct the mind away from the thought of self.

VII

There are many instances of thoughtfulness with regard to man's last resting-place in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. Very beautiful are the lines of Leonidas in which Clitagoras asks that when he is dead the sheep may bleat above him, and the shep-

herds pipe from the rock as they gaze in quiet gladness along the valley, and the countryman in spring pluck a meadow flower and lay it on his grave. There is a lovely Greek poem that bids the mountain-brooks and cool upland pastures tell the bees, when they go forth anew on their flowery way, that their old keeper fell asleep on a Winter night and will not come back with Spring. A Greek epitaph invites the wayfarer to "sit beneath the poplars when weary, and draw water from the spring; and ever remember the fountain was made by Simus as a memorial of his dead child." Another Greek epitaph reads: "Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy bosom, remembering his many labors on thee; for ever he planted in thee the olive-stock, and often made thee fair with vine-cuttings, and filled thee with herbs and plenteous fruits: do thou in return lie softly over his grey temples and flower into tresses of Spring-herbage." How delightful the prayer of an old Greek: "May flowers grow thick on thy newly-built tomb, not the dry bramble, nor the evil weed, but violets and marjoram and wet narcissus. Around thee may all be roses."

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits derived from the thought of our common mortality is the liberation from fear which it confers upon minds that have long felt the oppressive weight of dark and distressing apprehension. Hun-

dreds and thousands of our race are rendered miserable all their days by the lonely shadow of death. The Anglo-Saxon especially, who views the world through serious eyes and is never long separated from his conscience, is a victim of the tormenting dread of dissolution. This distressing alarm, which has in so many cases deprived life of all its sweetness, may be overcome and even entirely dispelled by a calm and reasonable consideration of death. It has seemed to many thoughtful persons that Walt Whitman accomplished for himself and his readers something of the kind in that wonderful invocation to Death which John Burroughs pointed out as the climax of the superb poem written to commemorate the death of President Lincoln, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd."

VIII

The tomb of Bunyan is surrounded by the hallowed graves of more than three hundred Noncomformist ministers, most of whom were ejected from their churches for no other crime than that of obedience to enlightened conscience and the exercise of manly courage. They were men of splendid proportion; dauntless in spirit as they were spotless in life; and wherever English language and history shall be known, the calm and religious trust with which they en-

dured the hatred of their foes, and the courage with which they took the spoiling of their goods, must excite the warmest admiration. They loved, as only heroic souls can love, the grand old prisoner of Bedford jail, and it was the last request of many of them: "Bury me in the Bonehill Fields, and let my coffin be as near as possible to that of the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*." There they all rest to-day in what was once derisively called "the fanatical burial-place," and over well-nigh every grave might be written the beautiful word PEACE. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." The trial of their faith is ended, and "the fanatical burial-place" is consecrated ground indeed.

IX

STAND of a Sunday morning in any cathedral, and you may hear the dead sing and preach; you may hear them avow their faith. The wax-tapers that burn upon the altar were lighted centuries ago by priests and acolytes who put aside their white surplices and fell asleep when the great city was young. Unseen hands swing the glittering censer, and they will still swing it, filling the air with clouds of incense, when other centuries have gone by. How very old is the service! It will continue, it may

be, so long as man continues to dwell upon the earth, and in it the living and the dead are one. We are ruled by the dead. From their urns they lay hold of us, and whither they will they turn us.

X

None are so old as they who have outlived enthusiasm.

XI

Of the tomb of Achilles Plutarch has this to say: "Alexander passed the Hellespont and came to Troy, where he sacrificed to Pallas and made a libation to the heroes; he also poured oil upon the tomb of Achilles, and, according to the accustomed manner, he with his friends ran about it naked and placed a crown upon it, pronouncing of Achilles that he was a most happy and fortunate person; for that while he lived he had so good a friend as Patroclus, and when dead, that he had so famous a publisher as Homer." He was even more fortunate, for after a life of hardship and adventure it was his privilege to die for the beautiful Polyxena, daughter of Priam, for whose sake he went unarmed to the temple of Apollo, where Paris slew him. And so alike in life and death he was a hero, celebrated in lofty song and in the noblest story.

XII

The lovely poem of Ruth, written in the very dawn of history, discloses to us the deep and abiding secret of human affection in the never-to-be-forgotten words of the Moabitish woman: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." When we would express our most ardent love for the land we call our own, we describe that land as the "burial-place of our fathers." Sir Walter Scott hastened home with anxious heart, for he would not die in a strange land and leave his bones to crumble in foreign earth. Washington Irving took great pleasure in his quiet and retired life on the banks of the Hudson, and he desired above all things that when death should have robbed him of his queer old seventeenth century mansion and of the beauty of river and landscape, his dust might mingle with that of his kindred in Sleepy Hollow, near the little church in which the credulous schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, led the choir.

XIII

Habit is the old man's delight.

XIV

THERE is a certain ease and mellowness of companionship in riper years. The horizon is broader, the sympathies are more general, and the feeling and purpose of the man more catholic. Anxiety for victory has given place to regard for truth. A distinguished writer has said that no one can understand Shakespeare before the age of forty has been reached. Up to that time it is quite possible to admire the dramatist, but no one under forty can comprehend his meaning or enter into his spirit. I verily believe there are some things not in literature alone or in philosophy, but in life and the spiritual domain that can never be learned from books and colleges, and that only the years can impart to the willing mind.

The approach of age should always bring with it moral rest, which is only another name for peace. Positive happiness is not absolutely essential; a man may forego this, and yet lead a strong, noble, and beautiful life. Some of the best characters in history have known much of sorrow, and have been themselves ripened into what they were by that very sorrow. I suppose it is the increasing desire and need for rest of both body and mind, and for peace of heart which should come with the years, that makes Wordsworth, so little cared for by the

young, a favorite poet with elderly persons, and especially with the contemplative.

XV

Much of the loneliness of age is occasioned by the death of early friends and companions. The man who survives these in a certain sense survives himself. New friends are not easily made after one has reached the age of fifty. And with the loneliness of declining years there comes a consciousness of the approach of a loneliness even deeper than any of which we have made mention — the loneliness of death.

"A lonely hour is on its way to each,
To all; for death knows no companionship."

All the supreme places and conditions of life are lonely. Thousands of men may die in battle within a very circumscribed area and at the same time, yet to each man death comes as a solitary event. Our associations are superficial when compared with our isolations. Since, then, we cannot escape the great solitudes of our existence, is it not well that we give some time to their consideration? We may, if we will, look Destiny in the face, and thus acquaint ourselves in advance with the "lonely hour," and we may thus in some measure disarm it of its terrors. Every man should learn to be

alone without discomfort to himself. Gibbon wrote, "On the approach of spring I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company and dissipation without pleasure." We need not tarry for the spring. Each day brings with it its own opportunity.

XVI

Many a man once envied for his wealth and world-wide renown, having played his part upon the stage of life, is no longer remembered; but how well preserved, like the fly in amber, are many names of once lowly minstrels because long years ago a few simple lines touched the popular heart.

XVII

Prince and peasant are equally mortal. The vast army that marches oblivionward without halting day or night is not composed of the poor and illiterate alone. In its ranks are lords and ladies and proud bishops of half a dozen religious denominations. Not one person in a hundred thousand will be heard of fifty years hence. Not more than one in five hundred thousand will ever be called to mind at the end of another century. Darkness and oblivion with open arms wait to enfold our race. And yet, such is the irony of fate, in the midst of all

this forgetfulness, here and there some man by mere accident impresses a wholly inconsequent name upon the enduring history of our world, or enshrines it in the imperishable literature of mankind.

XVIII

Men are unwilling to relax their hold upon the activities of this world even in the grave. If they cannot live themselves, they insist that their names and influence shall continue. They name cities and streets after themselves. They write books and paint pictures for posterity. Thousands of men subsist upon the *post mortem* ambitions and desires of their fellow men. Colleges are endowed and professorships are named by men who cling to the hope of immortality. Take from the human mind dread of oblivion, and there would be comparatively few cadets at West Point. Whoever in the years to come shall succeed in rendering the world indifferent to the future, will have it in his power to pauperize Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and Columbia Universities. Centuries ago Horace boasted that he had builded in his deathless poems "a monument more enduring than brass"; and to-day thousands of scribblers for magazines and papers cherish the same ambition and indulge the same dream.

XIX

" To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of his hand,
And eternity in an hour."

Many a sorrowful heart has found eternity in less than an hour. The criminal awaiting execution lives through vast ages in a single second. A sailor, escaped from the perils of shipwreck, described his twenty-four hours upon a floating spar as longer than all the years of his life. As the infant, opening its eyes in mingled wonder, fear, and delight to the changing scenes of this busy world, has no idea of either time or space, but reaches out its little hands to grasp the distant moon, and is impatient of every delay in the gratification of its fancies, so the dying who have long measured hours, not by " figures on a dial," but by heart-throbs and tear-drops, sometimes lose all sense of time just before they pass from it into eternity.

Time is but another name for those little divisions we make in eternity, and eternity is the measureless expanse of God's infinite existence. The little hours, days, weeks, months, years, centuries, and millenniums are but faint shadows upon the glowing disc of His vast duration. Before the day arrives it has no existence as

such, and when it is over no trace of its existence may be discovered. Thus are all our marks upon the sand washed out by the tides of that sea no man may compass. To one who has been dead a day it is practically the same, so far as this earth is concerned, as if he had been in the grave a hundred thousand centuries. Thus it is that the shallowest grave is bottomless; and yet into a grave so deep the human soul looks with unshaken confidence, and dares to exclaim, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

XX

An Old Testament prophet tells us that "we do all fade as a leaf." I rejoice that we thus fade, for what in this wide world fades more gradually, gracefully, and beautifully than a leaf. And it fades in companionship with countless millions of other leaves. Decked in gold and crimson, it lies down upon the soft wings of the wind, and is borne with pomp and music to its place of rest.

How gradually and gracefully the leaf fades! First the faintest tinge of yellow or the mere suggestion of solferino; then a delicate pink along the central veins, and before one can realize the wonderful change that is taking place over hill and valley, lo! the brilliant green is

all gone, and not a vestige of summer remains.

It is so with us. The first grey hair hardly attracts attention; we may not notice it at all. We are not sure when it is that the first wrinkle comes to view. The step has lost its vigor and elasticity, but we did not realize at the time, nor can we quite realize, now, that these changes have actually taken place. It had never occurred to me that I was no longer young until one day a man said to me, "You look to be as young as a boy." Then it was I first knew I was showing some signs of age. But for those signs, he would not have remarked upon my youthful appearance.

The old man resents allusion to his age. He did not see the golden-rod that grew along the roadside of his life, nor did he see the changing leaves. The first snow-flake has fallen, and yet he is just preparing to live, and is making plans far into the future. He will not believe what his own eyes tell him, nor will he hear the lonely song of the autumn wind, so gradually have the years changed him.

XII

MISCELLANY

Chips of learning show the nature of the tree.
— Cirederf Nivram.

MISCELLANY

I

A GENTLEMEN is such at heart or he is no gentleman at all. A woman may have every grace and refinement, may be able to enter and leave a room with faultless ease and dignity, may have a delicate acquaintance with all the niceties of the French language, may be able to say pleasing things in a captivating way, may be well qualified to shine in gay society, and yet be no lady in the true sense of that word. It requires more than mere polish to make either gentleman or lady. One might have rough hands, hardened by honest toil, a spinal column bent double from long familiarity with drudgery, an awkward shyness and a good-natured yet distressing bluntness — might have all these, and yet merit the name of gentleman or lady. It was of our blessed Lord and Saviour that the quaint old Thomas Dekker wrote these lines:

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

II

As the bee distilleth the sweetest honey from wild flowers along the roadside and in meadows, so doth the soul, in harmony with God and nature and at peace with itself, extract from the common experiences and trivial duties of ordinary life the most wholesome and lasting happiness.

Dost thou love beauty? God hath given thee birth in a picture gallery more wonderful than Louvre or Vatican. Hath heaven attuned thine ear to music? Harken to the clear, sweet notes of the bird-song in the tree-tops, the drowsy and delicious chirp of countless insects at nightfall, the murmur of the mountain-brook, the soft sighing of the wind in the leafy retreats of the forest, and the indescribably melodious voices of strong men, beautiful women, and lovely children all around thee. Hath the Creator given thee thirst for knowledge? Nature is an open book, and Pierian springs gush forth on every side. Dost thou hunger for spiritual truth? O child of God, behold the light of truth in the pure life and spotless character of Christ, and gloriously reflected in the humbler lives of his disciples.

III

Ever since a friend read to me Ruffini's exquisite story, "Doctor Antonio," these strong

and pathetic lines have haunted my memory: "She lay with her head turned toward the castle. Her last look had been for Antonio. Doctor Antonio still suffers, prays, and hopes for his country." I think the profound melancholy in which the book ends might be lightened by an appendix informing the disconsolate reader that the noble patriot, who was no one but Giovanni Ruffini himself, lived to see Italy free, and, after twenty years of exile, returned to Taggia and died in 1881, surrounded by the "orange trees and evergreen myrtle which fill the air with sweet perfumes and make perpetual spring." Ruffini wrote out of a full heart, and with the one purpose of interesting the world in the sorrows of his native land. He wrote in pure and elegant English, and in a style both forcible and delicate. He was poet, scholar, artist, patriot, and soldier, all in one; and to his glowing and inspired pen San Remo, Taggia, and Bordighera owe that air of romance which has rendered their lovely scenery even more attractive.

IV

He was doubtless an honest alderman, but he was not quite up to Chesterfield's ideal of a fine gentleman, who, delighted by the appetite of Prince William of Gloucester at a public

banquet, cried out, "Eat away, your royal highness; there's a plenty more in the kitchen." But men and things are good or bad, fine or coarse, by comparison; and it seems to us that the Liverpool alderman was even squeamishly delicate in his choice of phrases, when we find one western governor telling the United States authorities to "shut up," and another replying to his critics after the following fashion: "Let them pitch in and give me the devil if they want to. They could not cut through my hide in three weeks with an axe." A little of the politeness and courtesy of older nations might not hurt the robust constitution of our American Republic.

V

The French love soldiers; the English tolerate them; the Americans will have nothing to do with them.

VI

Who plucks a whale will gather no feathers.

POEMS

Nothing is poetry that does not transport; the lyre is in a certain sense a winged instrument.

— JOUBERT.

I

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ETHER

Pure air the soul demands,
And cloudless light:
Who to himself can say
Bravely, "Thou must!"
Austere compulsion turns
To sweet delight;
He breathes the mountain air
Of duty loved,
Nobly obeyed.
O'er all the crystal sphere,
Radiant above him springs
From the rude earth below,
Heaven's dome of blue.

ONLY A WORD

Only a flower that grew awhile
By the dusty roadside there;
One thing, 'mid grime, and heat, and weeds,
Fragrant, and fresh, and fair.

One word, in all the fierce debate,
Tender, and kind, and true;
Dear word, my life is better now,
And sweeter far for you.

TRUE GENEROSITY

He only is generous
  Whose gift,
By a willing hand proffered,
  Is swift.

"THOU KNOWEST"

'Neath Montparnasse's sacred shade I stand,
  And greet whom I have known before,
  But not, as in the days of yore,
With song and laughter and the voice of praise.
  Alas, the bounding pulse and flashing eyes,
  And motion eloquent of swift surprise,
  Are dust beneath the flowers to-day!
I turn to read — the name and little else!
  What could the lifeless marble say
  For one who cast herself away?
    "Thou knowest."

SHELLEY

The sorrows of the world to music sweet
  Our English Ariel set;
And in his perfect verse the tenderest love
  With deathless daring met.

THE RULE OF LIFE

With Reason dwell in ever sweet delight,—
A noble purpose in thy daily life
To which, as turns the needle to the pole,
Thou mov'st with neither haste nor eager strife.
Seek not unfathomed mysteries to view,
Nor let brief trifles stir thine inner mind;
Desire not boundless wealth, nor knowledge vast;
Be not self-centred — to thy neighbor blind;
Waste no regret on what thou canst not change;
Let common joys supply a sane delight.
Thus live, and peace shall be thy changeless friend;
Gladness shall fill thy day, and sleep thy night.

MARCUS AURELIUS AND EPICTETUS

Twin stars, serene and pure,
In the fear-haunted gloom
Of the wild pagan night,—
So long, so long ago!
In royal purple one,
Philosopher and saint,

With words divinely wise;
The other but a slave,
Yet monarch still who ruled
The godlike minds of men.
Alone, undimmed, they burned
Above a world of doom
Until the morning-red
Flamed crimson in the east,
And the ascending dawn
Of an immortal Christ
Filled the blue heavens with light.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere a place is waiting —
  Has waited long for me;
I cannot tell if on the land,
  Or in the deep blue sea.

It may be on the mountain top,
  By wandering breezes fanned;
Or in some lonely valley,
  In a forsaken land.

But whether it be on the land,
  Or 'neath the boundless sea,
It is the place that Nature holds
  Close to her heart for me.

THE POET TO HIS LADY

Like bird that circles in its flight
  High o'er the cruel huntsman's head,
So I, alarmed, my safety seek,
  Lest thy sweet glance should strike me dead.

So eager leap the glowing flames
  Of love, I dare not meet thy gaze,
Lest courage rash should cost at once
  My failing life and thy dear praise.

Yet than the morning fairer far,
  Dear lady, thou most surely art;
I'll bid farewell to doubting fear,
  And dwell forever in thy heart.

KINDNESS

Whose eye with melting pity flows,
His life is like a summer rose;
But he whose ready hands are kind,
A father's heart in God shall find;
For better 'tis to love than weep,
And better far to work than sleep,
For human kindness is divine,
And what thou givest shall be thine.

SWEET COMPANY

Death is lonely — always so;
Unattended, man must go.
Said the sage of long ago:
"Wisdom 'tis one's self to know."
Wiser wisdom 'tis to be
To thyself sweet company.
Therefore learn, dear heart, to be
To thyself sweet company.

A WAYSIDE FLOWER

A little flower, it bloomed and died
Unseen, the dusty road beside;
Its beauty vanished into air;
Such flowers grow always everywhere,
Too common for a thought or care.

Yet while it lived 'twas fair to see,—
As fair as prouder flower might be;
To one brief hour it gave new grace,
Adorned, unprized, its humble place.

What more, dear friend, can you or I,
With richer earth and bluer sky,
Than just some lowly grace supply
For careless feet that pass us by?

"SIGH NOT A VANISHED PAST"

Why chase the flying dream
Of wealth and fame?
For us the marble waits; —
A date — a name.

The grass is green to-day,
The heavens are blue;
The summer heart holds now
Love sweet and true.

Fill the swift hour with glad,
Kind deeds and words,
The fragrance of the flowers,
The song of birds.

Sigh not a vanished past,
A fading year;
Enrich the passing hour,
And banish fear.

So shall the world grow young,
And envy die;
Peace from the heavens descend,
And God draw nigh.

AGE

Ἤδη γὰρ ὁ Βίος οὐμὸς εσπέραν ἄγει.

When life grows cold
And we are old,
The fire burns low,
And winter's snow
Falls through twilight air,
And everywhere
Is stillness and regret;
And we forget
All save the early day
So far away;
When life is lonely,
And we only
Have ceaseless quest —
Seeking for rest
That lingers on the way,
As loth to stay
With dull and frosty age —
Who shall our grief assuage,
The weak regret and dole
Of a poor trembling soul
With healing words console?
Friend of the early day,
If still there stay
With us Thy presence dear,
Nor grief, nor fear,

Nor sins that we deplore,
Can wound us sore.
There never can be grief,
But Thy relief
Shall fall like summer rain
That brings again
The glad, sweet flowers of spring.
And so at last,
Our work well done,
Unmoved we'll view
The swift descending sun
Go down for aye,
And one by one the twinkling stars
Light up the sky.

BRAHMA'S CUP

I LIFT the cup of Brahma high! —
The cup and liquor both are his;
That flowing draught is perfect rest,
For Brahma's self the liquor is.

Let endless kalpas still revolve,
Who quaffs, no grief shall e'er befall;
For he shall dream the dream of God,
And never know he dreams at all.

My transmigrating days are o'er;
God's hand presents the sacred cup;
I eager grasp the chalice now,
And drink the Godhead's liquor up.

And while the sacred wine I quaff,
Two souls are mingled on the brim;
I drink of Brahma in the cup,
And he receives me into him.

FROM "BERKLEY CHURCHYARD"

How still are all the dead,
Each in his narrow bed;
None anxious vigil keep,
But all are fast asleep;
On every brow is rest;
Peace dwells in every breast.
It is a great relief
To know that neither grief,
Nor any sad distress,
Nor doubt, nor weariness,
Their slumber shall disturb.

. . . . .

Life hath its joy for all:

The vine on yonder wall,
Where spotted lizards crawl,
And the glad robins call
Gayly their feathered young,
Has, all unnoticed, sprung
From the dark earth below.
The winter's frost and snow
Gave it new strength to grow.
Out of our griefs arise
The things that most we prize.
Life is too brief for tears,
Too soon it disappears;
Nor should our foolish fears
Make sad the flying years.
From these let us arise
To greet the morning skies,
To welcome the bright noon,
Or watch the silver moon
Flood with its mellow light
The erstwhile lonely night,—
Lonely no more since we
In earth and air and sea
May use and beauty find.
We may not leave behind
Our grief, and yet behold!
From it there may unfold,
As from the bud a flower,
Some rich and golden hour.

. . . . .

HERE AND NOW

"What is a ghost?" inquired a little child:
I gently pressed its trembling hand,
And softly whispered, "You behold a ghost,
And this bright world is spirit land."

DRIFTWOOD

Upon my hearth the driftwood burns,
Rude waves have brought me from afar:
Across the sea my children went,—
To-night I wonder where they are.

HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG

Strive always to be calm; be cheerful and sleep well;
Delight in music; much with little children dwell;
With moderation eat; salute the opening day
With glad "Good morning!" be it rosy dawn or grey;
Thy burdens bravely bear, yet make thou no delay
To help a feeble brother all the rugged way;
Think not too much of self, nor idly fret and grieve

That thou must all earth's wealth and beauty
some day leave;
Trust thou in God; and in the holy footsteps
tread
Of those who live forever, though men count
them dead.
Wise as the serpent, and yet harmless as the
dove —
Be thou like Christ in heavenly patience and
in love.

HOPE

Hope is a woman,
Both wise and mild,
In whose loving arms
Nestles a child.

OVER-FAITH

Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens.— Goethe.

The poem shall be forgotten,
The singer shall remain;
To trust the one were a folly,
To doubt the other vain.

The over-faith is a poem,
Eternal faith a rock;
The one shall die, and the other
Abide the last day's shock.

"HOW DO CHERRIES TASTE?"

How do cherries taste?
I cannot tell;
But the children know,
And birds as well.

THE OPEN DOOR

See, little bird,
I open wide
The door for thee;
Thou mayest glide
On waving wing,
And gladly sing,
And everywhere
In the sweet air
Of freedom dwell.

I, too, little bird,
Would scape my cage;
Would fly abroad
Ere frosty age
Hath chilled my breath,
And dimmed mine eye,
And naught but death,
In field and sky,
Awaits my song.

PERSIS [1]

May 28th, 1874.

The love-light in her starry eye,
  Upon her cheek the rose;
The laughter rippling in her voice
  Like evening wind that blows.

Swift twinkling through the clover-fields,
  Her dancing feet made way;
They bid my inmost heart revive
  With song and roundelay.

Her feet for joy the daisies kissed;
  The flowers, they blushed them red;
No sweeter joy they sought than just
  To die beneath her tread.

And I, like every flower afield,
  Could breathe but one request:
The pressure of her lips to feel,
  And die upon her breast.

[1] This poem and the three that follow are inscribed by Dr. Marvin to his wife.

PERSIS

So Love at last shall take
What once he gave;
His is the bridal morn,
And his the grave.

Yet when two lives he makes
To be as one,
Death may not quite undo
What Love hath done.

TO PERSIS READING A SAD BOOK

Our hearts no more
Let us fret with foreboding;
Of happier years
Let us think with delight —
Radiant with morn,
And jocund with laughter;
With never a sigh,
Neither sadness nor tears.

From the shelf let us take
Glad pages, resounding
With music and dancing.
So shall we glide

Through years that are left us;
Add not a sorrow
To weakness and age.

Through sunshine and shadow
We've wandered, my darling;
Bright skies were above us,
Ofttimes they were dun.
Falls now the soft twilight,
And night is approaching;
Our pilgrimage ending,
Sweet rest yet remains.

PERSIS

Like summer breeze her twinkling feet
With music charm the flying hours;
Her presence fills th' enchanted air
With perfume of a thousand flowers.

SIXTY

Sixty — how swift the flying years go by!
One scarce begins to live when he must die.
Yet I have lived, though I should live no more,
And I have found life sweet from stem to core.

VENUS LAMIA

Fierce flames fell on your brow upturned
To meet th' eternal Night;
Immortal fire from heaven came down
To make your dark eyes bright;
Your cruel limbs, your shapely form,
The high gods wrought their best;
They stamped with kisses soft and sweet
Their image on your breast.

They formed your subtle nerves and veins,
And bade your pulses swell;
They filled your breathing flesh with life,
And shaped your spirit well.
Then down the changing aisles of time
With solemn chant they came,
And to the sound of silver harps
They syllabled your name.

"O LOVE, SURPASSING SWEET AND FAIR"

O Love, surpassing sweet and fair,
Thou art a flower by beauty fed;
Thou fillest all our lives with light,
And when thou diest we are dead.

YES

I AM depressed when you are gone;
  When near 'tis all the same;
Alike in darkness and at dawn,
  Love burns a constant flame.
So if you come or if you go,
  I pine in sore distress;
For though you have not said me "No!"
  You have not whispered "Yes!"

So here I languish day by day,
  All night I dream of you;
I sorrow when you're far away,
  And when you're with me too.
Speak, then, the word I long to hear,
  And love for love confess:
Though many words are sweet, my dear,
  The best of all is "Yes."

CASTLES IN SPAIN

DEAR friend of other days no more,
  And friend of those that still remain,
What boots our wealth of golden hours
  If all our castles are in Spain?

PASSION

Who tastes not Passion's burning cup,
The wine of knowledge never drains:
Like childhood's hours, his life is filled
With infant's joys and infant's pains.

"IF I LOVE YOU"

If I love you,
Should you care?
Love is common
Everywhere.

TO A ROSE

Go, rose, and rest
On Delia's breast.
No couch so blest
Was ever pressed
With such delight
By day or night.
Thou art a flower —
Go, take thine hour;
'Tis brief at best
For such sweet rest.

I would that I
Might, welcome, lie
Where thou, sweet rose,
Shalt soon repose.

IN EVERY FIELD

For want of rain the summer fields are dry,
And some have taxed the mercy of the sky,
Yet life in all lies hidden from the view:
Be Thou the early shower and evening dew.

MY HOUR

If now this little hour I own,
Sufficient power I ask alone,
Well its high purpose to fulfil,
With just and ever equal will.

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD

If God will light His candle in my heart,
The candle on the altar may depart;
For in my breast behold that inner light
Makes e'en the heavenly glory darker night.

TRUST

Naomi

I CANNOT know if good or ill
My future lot enfold;
But, Lord, I rest in peace because
Thou dost that future hold.

And though at times my spirit fails,
And weary seems the day,
I grasp Thy hand and follow on
Through all the lonely way.

I care not if the road be rough,
Or filled with flowery ease;
The hardest road with Thee is smooth;
Without Thee none can please.

I would not, Lord, apart from Thee
Bright wealth or pleasure choose;
And what I have, I pray Thee now,
For Thine own glory use.

Thus may I trust Thy holy Word,
And follow Thy sweet will,
Assured that in the darkest night
Thou art beside me still.

THE DOWNWARD GAZE

Behold the earth, if thou wouldst see
The smile creative of the Lord;
And, speechless, hearken to her voice,
If thou wouldst hear the heavenly word.

The downward gaze is upward still,
The inward silence sacred song:
The heart that waits in love for God
Shall know He never tarries long.

THE DAISY

A little daisy
White and gold
In my garden grew;
All the daisy knew
Could be told
In five lines or less;
Yet the day I bless,
That little flower,
With heavenly dower,
Sweet comfort brought to me.
In its humble grace
I beheld the face

Of the Christ of old
Who the birds and flowers
Loved with tender love.
Would He love me less
Than He loved the lilies long ago?
Little daisy, bright and fair,
We may trust His constant care
In field and garden everywhere.

QUIET POWER

Serene and still,
The mighty will
Of God prevails
Where striving fails.
They win the day
Who learn the way
Of quiet power,
And bide their hour.
No work is wrought
By anxious thought.
Our foolish haste
Makes greater waste.
Life's golden prize
Before him lies
Who takes his time.

MADONNA

Bare was the breast that cradled Christ,
Pierced for the great world's sake.
She said: "If men forsake not sin,
This wounded heart must break."

Then down from heaven a golden light
In robes of music fell;
A voice cried: "Thou art Queen of Heaven,
But I am King of Hell."

Seven silver flames her crown enclosed;
Their pallid lights were shed
Upon her face, to God upturned,
Like starlight on the dead.

FRIEND OF LONELY SOULS

Lord Jesus, Friend of lonely souls
That grief hath oft oppressed,
Grant Thou the healing balm of peace —
The calmness of Thy rest.

Though earth and sense assume control,
And we still wander far;
Shine Thou upon our weary way,
Thou bright and morning star.

The gath'ring darkness, Lord, dispel,
That veils the Love divine;
And o'er the path from earth to Heaven
In tender mercy shine.

In Thee doth all our trust repose,
In Thee our love abide;
To Thee our hearts we open wide,
Redeemer, Friend, and Guide.

"O LITTLE GRAIN OF DUST"

O LITTLE grain of dust, or star,
Or flower in green field!
Through you I behold with wonder,
God Himself revealed.

Could I understand you wholly,
Dust, or flower, or star,
I should know your great Creator,
Knowing what you are.

Who made you grain of dust, or flower,
Or bright star above,
Made me, and taught me this to know:
His holy name is Love.

All unconscious, still you serve Him,
Silent, faithful, true;
Dowered with human reason, may I
Gladly serve Him too.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH [1]

Eventide

Through visions of the night and toils of day,
Let no temptation's power my purpose sway;
But grant, dear Lord, Thy love's unchanging might,
To keep my trembling faith and honor bright.

Be hand and heart alert to do Thy will,
Not with impatient haste, but calm and still;
Thus when the long day's work for Thee is done,
My waiting soul shall dread no setting sun.

At last when softly fall the shadows deep,
And sinks th' o'erweary brain to quiet sleep,
From every anxious care and burden free,
Let me for evermore abide with Thee.

[1] A hymn sung in many churches at evening service.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

"Beauty for ashes!" 'tis exchange divine:
For my poor life His larger life and free;
Peace after strife; the glint of sunlit wave
After raging tempest and storm-toss'd sea.

INFINITE PRESENCE

Alike Thou art in stillness and in storm;
In gentle winds that woo the evening star,
And welcome the descending gloom of night
With song of forests and the sounding sea.
Thou art in flower and shrub; the running brook;
The restful silence of the purple hills;
And in the lowly meadows where the kine
Repose at noon beneath th' o'erhanging boughs
Of oak and elm. Afar Thou art and near —
In distant worlds, and in th' trembling dewdrop
That on the blushing rose doth hang a jewel
Fit for Paradise above — too pure for earth.
Thou art in ev'ry thought that stirs the soul
Of saint or sage; in every noble deed;
In woman's love; and in the voices dear
Of little children such as Jesus held
In His pure arms, and pillowed on His breast.

And this poor world is beautiful because,
Though sin and shame have marred its grace, it knows
The mighty Love that changes and transforms.

UNITED LIFE

Suggested by "The Festival of Spring," by Jelalu 'd Din.

Pure wine and water, when combined,
May severed be no more;
When from the chalice one you take,
The other then you pour.

And when within the flute you breathe,
I breathe within the same;
One love have we, and one desire,
One purpose, and one aim.

I in Thy radiant being live;
Apart from Thee I fade,
As clouds disperse in mist and rain
O'er mountain, mere, and glade.

Hush! hush, my soul! that voice I hear —
At once both His and mine;
In every word eternal love
Is human and divine.

CHRISTMAS

Ring, ring, ye Christmas bells, good cheer!
Pile high the yule-log on the hearth.
The gladdest day in all the year
Comes, filled with grateful song and mirth.

Lo, Jesus Christ is born to-day!
Bend every knee, lift every voice!
He bore the great world's sins away;
Let every heart rejoice, rejoice!

Behold the burning sparks ascend —
The hearth is all aglow with flame!
Each man is now his neighbor's friend:
The feast, the story, and the game

Make joyous every heart to-day,
For hope, and peace, and kindly thought,
Where once was only dark dismay,
To all a Christmas cheer have brought.

EXPERIENCE

He only charts the heavens for me
Who sails himself that upper sea;
His teaching must from knowledge flow
If he would have me with him go.

AT THE TOMB OF SENANCOUR [1]

Éternité, deviens mon asile!

In Sèvres before a tomb I stood and read,
'Neath waving willow and an ilex there,
The name of one whose aching heart breathed out
With dying breath this last and bitter prayer:
"Be thou, Eternity, my refuge!" None
Was there for thee but silence and the night:
And as I mused, a bird flew swiftly by,
God's sunlight flashing from its pinions bright.

Of Obermann's enchanted page I thought,
The story of thy lonely pilgrim days;
I pondered if Eternity at last
Were welcome goal of thy sad, wand'ring ways.

[1] Etienne Pivert de Senancour, author of "Obermann" and *"Meditations Libres d'un Solitaire Inconnu,"* was born in 1770. He followed the career of a man of letters, but met with little success. His writings were known to only a few choice spirits who were charmed by his eloquence and by the deep yet tender melancholy of his thought and feeling. He died, a disappointed old man, in 1846, requesting that over his grave might be inscribed the words: *"Éternité, deviens mon asile!"*

And as I mused, far up a leafy bough
The bird sang sweetly of great love and hope;
The air was fragrant with the breath of flowers,—
The wild red rose and purple heliotrope.

O Senancour, there is a refuge here
For earthly sorrow and our wild unrest!
The hill, the forest, and the running brook
Invite repose on Nature's soothing breast;
And when our little selves we do forget
In the bright world of beauty God hath made,
Scant power hath human ill the heart to vex,
Nor is there boding woe to make afraid.

Far from the crowded city's wildering maze
God meets us in the flight of singing birds;
His voice is in the winds and sounding sea,
And in the lowing of the peaceful herds.
The simple joys of rural life have grace
To still the tumult of our care and doubt;
From artificial thoughts our life allure,
And those poor pleasures we might do without.

This lesson from thy lonely tomb I learn,
Thou gifted son of genius and despair:

'Tis only when our sense of self we lose,
As well we lose our burden and our care.
All Nature thrills with music and with song
When we have ears to catch the heavenly strain;
And when with love our hearts are warm and true,
We know He made us not to live in vain.

COMRADESHIP

Drifts a great sorrow like a lonely cloud,
Drives hence the light, and darkens all the air;
But in the smile of one true-hearted friend
Revives my courage and dissolves my care.

Your helpful hand, good comrade, reach me now;
Once more the sound of your glad voice I hear:
The vision clears; my strength returns again;
And rosy morn illumes the land and mere.

One trusted friend with loyal heart and free
I hold a match for ruthless time and fate;
A deathless fellowship of comrade-souls
Is nobler wealth than this poor world's estate.

MADISON CAWEIN [1]

Obit MDCCCCXIV.

Why fell so swift the lonely night,
Where beauty loved to dwell?
We listened for the song, and heard,
On sighing breeze, the knell

That crushed our rising hope, and wrapt
The heart in silent gloom.
The laurel for thy brow we wreathed,
Now rests upon thy tomb.

When last thy welcome voice we heard
In kindly speech and wise,
Both art and nature spake through thee
In marvel and surprise.

Ah! little then we dreamed how soon
Both word and song should cease;
Upon thy lips the silence fall,
And o'er thee endless peace.

[1] Madison J. Cawein, who died in 1914 at his home in Louisville, Kentucky, was, as has been pointed out, "essentially the poet of idealism and pagan beauty." He is as well, in a pagan sense, the poet of nature.

No more thy song shall sound afar;
The harp is hushed for aye;
From star-lit heights the splendor fades,
The glory from the day.

Nay; 'tis not so: thy name shall live
In hearts that mourn thy fate;
For they shall hold, to mem'ry dear,
Thy songs inviolate.

We shall rejoice those songs to hear —
Clear, sweet, serene, and free —
O'er hill and dale and running stream,
In flower and shrub and tree.

Farewell! sweet singer of such songs
As make our hearts rejoice;
The music of thy lines still sounds,
Though not thy living voice,

For art survives the fleeting day,
Endures when we decline —
A thing not wholly of this earth,
O'er all supreme, divine.

And other ears than ours shall drink,
Alike 'neath palm and pine,

The lyric laughter of thy song,
The heart's pure, balmy wine.

Thus mingled are our tears with joy,
And light with darkness, too;
For us remain thy songs, though we
The singer bid adieu.

Both art and nature still remain
The poet's land of song;
And he to both, with loving heart,
Must evermore belong.

THE LION OF LUCERNE

With equal courage soldier and commander fell;
Why were not all recorded name by name?
The stone was ample, and the artist's skill was there
To give them, great and small, to deathless fame.

Alas, how meagre is the gratitude we yield
To humble men who royal service give!
We little care that silent worth unhonored die,
If rank and title, crowned with glory, live.

REALITY

We seldom see a smokeless flame,
Nor evil deed that hath no shame;
There need be neither search nor quiz;
Man seems at length the man he is.

THE LAND OF GOLDEN STARS

O JEWELED land of golden stars!
O free-born land and true!
My heart with joy and pride turns back,
And longs to be with you.

Once more your happy shore I'd tread,
Where thought and speech are free:
Where floats the flag by Honor bless'd,
Beyond the rolling sea.

The long-ago is well enough,
And empires dim with age,
But hope and faith and years to come
My grateful heart engage.

Dear land, of all great lands the best,
What e'er the clime may be,

Forevermore your trust hold fast
Till all the world goes free.

Till Rhine and Rhone and Tiber-stream,
And castled cliffs that rise
In ruins gray with hoary age
To greet these alien skies,

The light of dawning day shall view
From o'er the stormy sea,
And men their fetters fling afar,
To walk the glad earth free.

O jeweled land of golden stars!
O free-born land and true!
Your flag my heart leaps up to see —
The red, the white, and blue.

TWO LITTLE ANGELS

Two little angels, Joe and blue-eyed Jane:
Lord, clip their wings — I fear they'll fly away.
Heaven needs them not, but oh, my need is great!
Their laughter turns my night to day.

AMERICA

1870

My Fatherland, thy hills I love,
  Thy noble rivers swift and deep,
Thy meadows green, and valleys rich,
  Where browse the peaceful, meek-eyed sheep;
I love the fragrant flowers that bloom
  On every wayside where I roam:
My Fatherland! my Fatherland!
  My ever dear and happy home!

I love the land that gave me birth,
  Where early by my mother's knee
My childhood's prayer I learned to lisp,
  And learned as well God's love to see
In bird, and flower, and leafy bough,
  In summer shower and winter snow;
The land by Pilgrim feet made dear;
  The land they hallowed long ago.

I weary of the pomps of earth,
  The gauds and glories of the world,
The kingly splendors, kingly power,
  And flags by tyrant hands unfurled;
I would forever gladly dwell
  Where floats the starry flag above,
And in my Fatherland abide —
  The land, the land, the land I love.

BOOKS

Our friends, as years advance, depart,
  But noble books remain;
In them the blessed dead return
  To dwell with us again.

POETRY

When I am dead, good friend of mine,
  In each of my cold hands let be
Nor rose, nor leaf, but some dear book
  Of sweet and priceless poesy.

SPINOZA

Schleiermacher: "Reden über die Religion."

A lock of hair to good Spinoza's manes!
  The spirit of the world infused his own;
He saw the boundless universe instinct
  With love, and yet, alas! he dwelt alone.
Filled with divine and happy thought, his mind
  Took little heed of human praise or blame;
Disciples he had none, yet deathless glory
  Crowned with her laurel his immortal name.

ON THE DESERT

O'er desert drear the silent stars
Salute the evening shade;
The tent is pitched, the meal prepared,
The quiet prayer is made.

The camel's tinkling bells are heard;
With Arab songs they blend,
As slumber o'er the drowsy lid
Doth in soft dreams descend.

His rug the pilgrim spreads for rest,
No anxious thoughts molest;
The voice of Allah whispers low,
It whispers in his breast.

Oh, far away the mosque-lamp burns
On Khartoom's lonely wall,
And here of home he fondly dreams,
While round the shadows fall.

But far or near 'tis all the same,
Since Allah doth enfold
Alike the trackless desert-sand,
The jungle, and the wold.

Now Bilma fades from sight away,
As fade the stars at dawn;

And so ere long from all the world
Shall heart and mind be drawn.

Alone 'mid stillness vast, profound,
Three thousand miles of sand,
In one unbroken solitude,
From east to west expand.

With weary foot, from day to day,
The caravan goes by
To where Morocco's walls appear,
The shades of Atlas lie.

No more shall fierce siroccos fly
With death beneath their wings,
For every ambling camel's stride
The pilgrim homeward brings

To where the gentle breezes blow
On heated brow again,
And all along the Draha's shore
Is heard the welcome rain.

Farewell, Tisheet! farewell, Wadan!
The journey ends in rest,
And Allah's pilgrim evermore
Of all men is most blest.

A ROSE FOR THE LIVING

The flowers that deck the coffin-lid,
The dead no pleasure give;
But oh! the joy a rose may bring
To one who still doth live.

VANITY

Lo! I have suffered deeply
In passion and in pain;
The fruits of life have tasted,
I will not taste again.
Where sang the birds in summer,
Where bloomed the flowers in June,
The winter snows are drifting
Beneath the silver moon.

The golden lights are darkened,
The harp's sweet sounds are o'er,
The singing times are ended —
They will return no more.
The flowers were bruised in anger,
The grapes were crushed in vain,
There came no wine of laughter
From out the fruit of pain.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

A DARK abyss where nothing is,
Adown whose silent spaces deep,
From naught to naught, with wild delight,
The modern saint and sibyl leap.

MATERIALISM

A FAITH that grasps the outer shell,
But never seeks for hidden fruit;
And to explain the soul of song,
Would weigh and measure pipe and lute.

TRUTH

THERE danger dwells where dwells not Truth;
Nor gold, nor gems, nor rosy youth
Shall friendly be when she hath fled;
The soul that knows her not is dead.

THE REACTIONARY

HIS soul he feeds on bread
That others leave;
His creed is what the dead
Did once believe.

THE KAISER'S SOLILOQUY

I AM great Cæsar, and the world
Beneath my booted foot lies curled;
The whole cursed human race I hate,
For mine is power, and I am Fate.

None may my mighty sway resist —
Sway of the sword and mailèd fist;
For whoso'er I will I crush.
Let blood from gaping wounds now gush

And anguish fill the wide, wide world.
No banner but mine own, unfurled,
Shall float the blue of heaven above;
I have no mercy and I have no love.

All lands I hate that spurn my power;
My royal eagles shall devour
Both young and old, nor woman spare;
Let him who dare resist beware.

Would England rule the rolling wave?
She shall be evermore my slave.
Would France her happy homes protect?
Her homes and temples shall be wrecked.

The sword and flame shall them devour
In this my fortune and mine hour.

Would Belgium, meanest of my foes,
Her foolish tale of woe disclose?

Let her then show her craven shape,
My vengeance she shall not escape,
And that cursed land across the sea —
She, too, shall bend the suppliant knee.

The land of Washington I hate,
Still worse shall be her untoward fate;
Her flag wide flung to every breeze,
She shall no more my wrath appease.

Her liberty I loath, despise;
O'er all my towering throne shall rise.
Alone the Kaiser-flag, unfurled,
Proclaims me Cæsar of the world.

DANTE AT CORVO[1]

His hand the Benedictine laid
Upon the brow of him
Who craved alone the gift of peace,
With weary mind and limb.

[1] It is recorded that Dante, wandering over Italy, stopped at a monastery, where he was blessed by one of the friars who asked him what he sought. The poet answered, "Peace."

And as beneath sweet Corvo's shade
The stranger sank to rest,
The droning friars guessed not who
Preferred that strange request.

'Twas not within their power to give
The boon he fondly sought —
Peace, gentle peace, where grief
Her bitter work had wrought.

War he had waged till every nerve
Within him burned like fire;
They knew not Heaven and Hell had joined,
That stranger to inspire;

Nor that the world should long revere,
Beyond all sense of wrong,
In him the master of immortal verse,
The pride of Tuscan song;

That he should live, divinely clear,
Serene, and strong, and brave,
When their poor songs, to memory lost,
Sleep with them in the grave.

Ah, little dreamed they that brief night
Of fame that should abide,
That 'neath their sacred roof-tree slept
Their country's hope and pride.

They only thought a stranger craved
What they could not bestow —
Peace, that sweet gift a whole world seeks,
And few may ever know.

Great master of immortal song,
Whose dust Ravenna holds,
Death brought thee what she hath for all —
The peace that Life withholds.

II

WIT AND HUMOR

CHURCH OF THE HOLY FURBELOWS

There was a preacher went to town
To get a wealthy church;
The country folk to whom he preached
Had left him in the lurch.

He was a blooming candidate
With sermons by the score —
Sermons to make you laugh and weep,
And some to make you snore.

He found at last a wealthy church
Where sinners come to pray
That all their sins may be forgiven,
But never put away;

Where ladies, clad in gorgeous robes,
Sweep up the marble aisle;
And Crœsus comes to praise the Lord
For his big golden pile.

The elders are a saintly lot,
As all the world doth know;
There's Mr. Mammon, Mr. Pence,
Old Usufruct, and Blow.

The last of these, he cornered grain,
And made the market wild;
In yonder pew he kneels in prayer
Just like a little child.

Three bankers and a senator
Are in the session there:
I wonder what they're thinking of —
They seem engaged in prayer.

The while I ponder on the scene
Which every Sunday brings,
I wonder is it church of God,
Or of the money-kings.

Old Mrs. Flumadiddle, too,
Is every Sunday there;
And by her side her daughter sits,
So haughty and so fair.

Her coachman dozes on the box
While she's engaged in prayer;
His earthly and his heavenly state
Are none of her affair.

The preacher was the man for them,
His preaching pleased them all;

So Mr. Pence, he moved that they
Negotiate a call.

Some twenty thousand dollars then
They voted to disperse;
For they were called the richest church
In all the universe.

"Our church, it has," said Mrs. Bills,
"The cream of all the place."
"*Bon ton*," said Flora Pedigree;
"We hold both king and ace."

"I like the preacher," sighed Miss Sweet,
"His sermons are so fine;
He's good at cards, will sometimes dance,
And likes a glass of wine.

"He never says a word that grates
On any gentle ear;
He'll not disturb our social round,—
We've not a thing to fear."

I heard Miss Dazzlestones declare
Religion was a bore,
But his religion was *au fait*,—
She only longed for more.

Oh, when the choir the anthem give
(The people never sing):
"Let all the earth resound with praise,
And all their worship bring,"

You hear the great soprano's voice,
The finest tenor out;
It's grand, although you may not know
Just what it's all about.

The basso has a heavenly voice,
Though not a heavenly life;
He's over fond, 'tis whispered low,
Of a rich neighbor's wife.

'Tis whispered, too, his nights he spends
Where no clean man may be;
But then of heaven and things like that
He sings so well, you see.

'Twould never do that voice to lose
From out the organ-loft;
The world would laugh, and whisper,
"Prude,"
Or call the session "soft."

The pastor says, and he knows best,
The thing that should be said:

"Our basso is a little wild,—
Just what we call 'misled.'"

"More sinned against than sinning," sighs
Miss Glorygusher, fair,
"God hates all sin of every kind,
But will the sinner spare."

The tenor is a lovely man,
Such soft and pleading eyes;
Around your soul he puts his arms
And with it upward flies.

On Friday night there is, I hear,
A meeting held for prayer
Of which old Deacon Dull has charge,—
He's always in the chair.

He says the same thing o'er and o'er,
He moans a prayer, and then
They all sit up and feel relieved
When he drones out, "Amen."

You see he was converted once
When he was very young;
And, more's the pity, he grew up
The Methodists among.

But no one minds his senile ways,
There's use enough for him;
'Most every church must have some soul
That's just a little grim.

Now if the gospel you desire
Done up in fancy style,
And wish to see the fashions, too,
And men who've made their pile,

Attend on Sunday morning, Sir,
(In evening no one goes)
The Church ('tis Mary Rosebud's choice)
Of Holy Furbelows.

THE TEST OF LOVE

His lady fair a lover once reproved,
For she had fondly kissed another swain.
"I do deny," right stoutly she averred,
"That he kissed me and I kissed him again."
"Not so? not so?" the lover cried. "I know
Because I saw, 'twas not what I had heard."
Hot was the lady's speech: "You love me not,
Since you believe your eyes and not my word."

YE BALLAD OF A WOEFUL PUBLISHER

Wherein is disclosed how ye Stebbins that did live in ye wicked city of Boston by a strange inadvertence did print a book by ye most excellent poet Marvin of Albany-town up-side-down, and did thereby destroy ye said poet's most worthy life, and his own puissance in ye making of books.

Now Stebbins was a gentleman
  Who wore a silk cravat;
He swung a dandy cane around,
  And donned a Sunday hat.

He bought a watch with fob and chain,
  A scarf-pin fine and rare,
And in a costly auto, too,
  He traveled everywhere.

For printing books had made him rich
  As ever man could be;
His head turned round, and round, and round,
  As all the world could see.

Ah, sad the tale I now relate
  Of all his great renown,
For once a book, by accident,
  He printed up-side-down.

That book to read one had to stand
  Long hours upon his head,
Till like a top his brain revolved,
  And from his nose he bled.

Now all the men who handled books,
  In city or in town,
Did curse the volume day and night,
  And on the printer frown.

For all their ccunters dripped with blood,
  While dying men lay round;
The clerks in briny tears were bathed,
  And wrapped in grief profound.

They cursed young Stebbins up and down,
  They cursed him right and left,
For soon of all their customers
  Those traders were bereft.

A book that's printed up-side-down
  Must up-side-down be read,
And those who read, with spurts of blood
  Must soon themselves be red.

Young Stebbins for that book they sued,
  They robbed him of his gain,

They took his silk cravat away,
His Sunday hat and cane.

He swore it was no fault of his
The book was printed so;
A reader of his proof, he said,
Had laid his fortune low.

'Twas Marvin's book, the papers said,
That Stebbins up-side-down
Had printed by an accident,
In far-off Boston-town.

No word of wrath did Marvin breathe,
Though standing on his head;
The truth to tell, the reason was
Because he too was dead.

Ye authors all, a lesson learn
From Stebbins' sad collapse:
Trust not to proofs that only show
A "may be" or "perhaps."

Be sure that every change is made
In adverb and in noun,
Lest when your book is done, you find
'Tis printed up-side-down.

No man will ever kindly take
To standing on his head,
However much his brain be turned,
His gentle nose be bled.

There was a man whose nose, they say,
Held insufficient gore,
But when he saw dead Marvin's book
The blood began to pour.

At first, just like "a hidden brook
In leafy month of June,"
From both his nostrils down it came,
"Singing a quiet tune;"

But when the gentle Marvin's book
Again he did behold,
The torrent rose with mighty force,
And down his cheeks it rolled.

Alas! alas! my Marvin dear —
Both man and book are dead:
The one is printed up-side-down,
The other stands on head.

THE REVOLT OF THE OYSTER

He was a bold man who first swallowed an oyster.
— *James I, of England.*

To Boston-town one day I fared,
My publisher to see;
And in these lines I do relate
The grief that came to me.

For when to that great town I came,
Young Stebbins was quite well,
But when I left he was defunct,
As this sad tale doth tell.

"We'll lunch," said he, with merry heart,
"And view the new Club House;[1]
The oysters are right famous there,
And so are quail and grouse.

"And then from cellar up to roof,
The building we'll inspect;
And, if it please you, then, perhaps,
We'll meet the architect."[2]

[1] The Boston City Club.

[2] The commodious and in many ways attractive building was constructed by the well-known firm of architects, Newhall and Blevins.

A waiter then he called, and said,
"Bring oysters on half-shell";
And then with zest he started in
A story for to tell.

An oyster with his fork he speared;
The creature gave a squeal;
Quoth Stebbins, "Why, they told me that
An oyster could not feel."

Up rose that oyster poised on tail,
And waved his shell about;
The guests in terror fled the room,
The waiters all cleared out.

Loud roared the bivalve, wild with rage,
"I'd like to pepper you;
In both your eyes squeeze lemon-juice,
And thus obstruct your view."

Oh, how that oyster wriggled then
From right to left his tail;
Himself he puffed until he seemed
A spermaceti whale.

With that, the creature pitched his shell
Away without a fear,

And in a towering fury seized
Young Stebbins by the ear.

That publisher he laid out flat
Upon an ample dish;
The pepper-box he brandished then;
He grasped the horseradish.

My friend to help with haste I ran;
The irate oyster smiled;
He seized me by the trousers-seat
As I had been a child;

He spun me like a top in air —
Both earth and sky went black,
And round I seemed to circle through
A jeering zodiac,

From dull Aquarius all the way
To Pices and the goat,
While with his shell my fundament
The ruthless oyster smote.

Sad is the tale I here relate;
With murder 'tis replete;
That oyster grabbed my publisher,
And ate him head and feet.

So now no publisher I have;
My books unprinted lie;
And naught to comfort me remains
But gin and some old rye.

That oyster tramped the dining-room;
From end to end he went;
Crustaceous curses shook the walls,
With wrath the air was rent.

The floor he slapped with his great shell
Till you could hear the sound,
Like wild explosions fierce and vast,
Twice fifty miles around.

From Beacon Street the panic spread
Along the Common then;
With frightened women Goodspeed's shop [3]
Was filled, and with scared men.

Full soon the police they did come,
On foot, and some on horse;
With wounded men the street was filled;
The dead were there, of course.

[3] A famous old bookshop on Park Street facing the Common in Boston, established many years ago by Mr. C. E. Goodspeed. Like the Old Corner Book Shop of early days, in the same city, it became the gathering place for men of literary and antiquarian tastes and pursuits.

Oh, 'twas a mighty oyster that
The dining room did tread,
Upsetting dishes, knives, and forks,
Wine-jellies, and corn-bread.

Some shrimp from off a plate he drove,
And then from off a chair;
"You fools!" he cried, "you'll eaten be
If you remain long there."

He kicked a lobster down the stairs;
"Run for your life," he said;
"So soon as dinner-time comes round,
You'll be among the dead."

An infant clam he bravely seized,
And bore it down the stairs;
Behind him ran a guinea-fowl,
A shad, and two small hares.

Three crabs were weeping on a plate,
Rolled up in mayonnaise,
And one unto the other said:
"Alas! the happy days

"When I beneath a summer sea
My graceful claws did sport,
And lady crabs, in love with me,
Said I was 'just the sort

" ' Of dandy crab to fascinate
The *bon ton* of the sea —
A fine crustacean, full of life,
And gay as crab could be.' "

No sooner had the crab discoursed
In tender lines and sad,
Than cried the oyster, " Now, Sir Crab,
Thy fate doth drive me mad.

" I've swallowed Stebbins, boots and all,
I'll swallow Marvin too;
That rascal thought to gulp me down
In a rich oyster-stew.

" Now rise, Sir Crab, and haste away
To where the chef reclines;
We'll eat that chef, with tartar sauce,
And drink his choicest wines."

Then up the crab with joy did leap,
He with the oyster sped;
They crunched the chef's old bones awhile,
And then pronounced him dead.

And now they call that bivalve, Sir,
The Washington of shells,
For in his brave and dauntless pulp
A hero's spirit dwells.

A NEW ENGLAND HOUSEWIFE

Through all her life 'twas dust and only dust
her thought engaged;
Some dust was real, but more her nimble mind
supplied;
The poet's art she scorned, the painter's skill
despised;
For dust she lived, and, dying, "Dust to
dust!" she cried.

EPITAPH

FOR A NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Pause, stranger; drop a sympathetic tear;
An honest publisher reposes here.
In life he oft his authors smote,
And paid himself from what they wrote.
Their sorrows and his joys are o'er,
For he will never publish more.
Grow, flowers of Spring, above his grave;
Ye weeping willows, o'er him wave.
He's gone forevermore to dwell
With halos, harps, and Gabriel.

III

TRANSLATIONS

TO THE HUSBANDMAN

Sown are the golden seeds in the smooth furrow,
And covered from view;
Deeper furrows some day shall thy bones conceal,
And under one blue
Of the heavens over-hanging, the ploughman
Shall gather food for the living:
Hope from even the tomb vanishes never;
New life the furrows are giving.

GOETHE

THE WHISTLING DAUGHTER

Whistle, my dearest daughter, and I will give thee a cow.
Ah, no! my beloved mother, I cannot whistle now —
Oh, I cannot whistle;
Ah, no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my charming daughter, and I will give thee a horse.
Mother, I never whistled, and I could not now, of course —
Oh, I cannot whistle;
Ah, no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my gentle daughter, and I will give
thee a sheep.
Mother, I cannot whistle, so the creature you
may keep —
Oh, I cannot whistle;
Ah, no! my mouth it puckers so.

Whistle, my lovely daughter, and I will give thee
a *man.*
Mother, I never whistled, but I know right well
I can —
Whistle! whistle! whistle!
And so the whistling soon began.

FROM THE DUTCH

A LOVER'S WISH

O THAT I were an evening breeze!
I'd kiss my lady's trembling breast;
With love her every wish I'd please,
And soothe her heart in dreams to rest.

O that I were a fragrant flower
Her gentle hand had softly pressed!
I'd give my life for one glad hour
Of sweet repose on her dear breast.

FROM THE LATIN

HUMANITY

Unnumbered years the hoary earth
Her countless nations hath enrolled,
And holocausts to gods hath raised
From blood-red altars manifold.

And years to come the raptured saint
To God shall other altars rear,
And sorrow still shall come and go,
And joy the human heart shall cheer.

It blinds me not! With love content,
The ceaseless strife of Time I see;
While changing empires rise and fall,
Still onward moves Humanity.

No day hath ever dawned, I know,
That gladdened not one lonely breast;
Nor Spring hath followed Winter drear
But with a song the world it blessed.

From out the ruddy wine, I know,
The vast, creative thoughts arise;
And in a woman's loving kiss
A noble fount of vigor lies.

Where'er we go the heavens, I know,
They frown with rage, or smile with joy;
In every zone the stars serene
Some loving eye with faith employ.

So day by day and night by night
One thought doth every heart possess;
Where'er on earth mine eyes are turned
A brother's loyal hand I press.

A link of that great chain which binds
The future to the past am I;
From out the struggling surge I snatch
The jewel of Humanity.

KINKEL

A HAPPY LOT

How pleasant is my earthly lot,—
To watch the fishers in the bay,
And see them haul their nets ashore,
Or speed their white sails far away.
Here by the sounding sea I'd dwell,
The friend of nature and of man,
Enjoy the world from morn till eve,
And do the little good I can.

FROM THE JAPANESE

LAIS DEDICATES HER MIRROR TO VENUS [1]

Once at Greece proud Lais mocked,
With gay lovers laughed all day;
Now these lovers come no more,
Mirth and song are passed away.
Venus, take this glass from me,
Since I old and wrinkled grow;
What I am I would not see,
What I shall be would not know.

PLATO THE PHILOSOPHER

[1] September 1, 1912. Came upon Prior's translation of Plato's lines on Lais in her old age, dedicating her mirror to Venus. Prior does not say that it was Lais who made the dedication; he calls her "a lady," and we must go to the Greek to discover her identity. He describes her mirror as a "looking glass," though it was, doubtless, a burnished metal mirror such as women in Rome used at that time. What most interests me in this connection is the fact that some years ago I came upon Plato's lines when I had not yet seen Prior's version. I translated the Greek lines in their entirety, and the translation was published in my "Flowers of Song from Many Lands." Prior translated only the first four lines; but Austin Dobson says that they are so good that "Landor might have been pleased to sign them." It becomes me to be modest, for I am a fellow translator. Below is Prior's version:

"Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see."

— MARVIN'S *"Free Lance."*

FAITH

Be like the little bird
  That for an instant stays
Upon the topmost bough:
  The branch beneath him sways,
But undisturbed he sings,
  All conscious of his wings.

Victor Hugo

SONG OF THE WANDERING KNIGHT

My ornaments are sword and spear,
  War is my pleasure near and far,
My bed the cold green turf alone,
  My quenchless lamp yon trembling star.

Long are my journeys through the day,
  Brief are my slumbers in the night;
Thy spirit haunts me as I go;
  I kiss thy token with delight.

From land to land I swiftly ride,
  And ever sail from sea to sea;
And trust, fair lady, fate some day
  May bid these knightly lips kiss thee.

From the Spanish

THE UNITY OF FAITH

Kine are of divers colors, but they all milk the same;
Altar flowers are not alike, but worship is one flame;
Systems of faith may differ with every changing zone,
But God, unchanging ever, remaineth God alone.

Vemana

THE WORDS OF THE WISE ARE FEW

Of all the lands where mighty forests grow,
But few that bear the sandalwood I know;
In every clime the wise and good I view,
And yet, alas! their golden words are few.

Saskya Pandita

THE FOOL'S BEARD

Down flows his beard upon his chest,
It hides the whole of his large vest;
Of him long years ago 't was writ:
"Who hath much hair hath little wit."

Modern Greek

THE FOOL'S FLIGHT

He fled from the beating rain without,
And sat down under the waterspout.

From the Arabic

THE PALM

Dreams on the lonely height
  A pine tree clad in snow;
Around it icy winds
  In wild confusion blow: —

Dreams of a graceful palm
  In the far southern land,
In silent solitude,
  'Mid wastes of burning sand.

Heine

GOOD NIGHT

Good night! Good night!
Now fades the light;
But flames above
God's holy love,
And all is bright.
Good night! Good night!

Victor Hugo

THE HOUSE OF GOD

Prone upon the earth in prayer the weary Nánác fell,
Filled with all blessed thoughts of God;
Turned toward the sacred Mecca were his dusty feet,
And rested on the soft green sod.
When, lo! there passed a saintly Moslem priest that way,
And cried, "Base unbeliever, dost thou dare to pray,
Thy graceless feet extended toward God's city fair?"
But Nánác thus made answer, "Is not everywhere
God's city? Find, if thou canst, the accursèd spot
Where, crowned with deathless praise, His holy house is not!"

From the Persian

SCANT HOSPITALITY

God bless the man and spare him grief
Who kindly makes his visit brief.

From the Arabic

THE FAIREST THING[1]

The fairest thing in all the world some say
That mighty horsemen are,— a noble host;
And others judge it is a force of foot;
Still more of armèd ships would make their boast.

But, as for me, I hold the one beloved,
My soul's desire, is fairest of them all.
To make this plain no task it is, I think:
Helen her heart obeyed at Love's strong call.

The man who ruined Troy she swiftly chose,—
Nor child, nor parent gave her such delight:
One burning love all other loves consumed,
So fierce the flame, so quenchless, and so bright.

Pliant is woman when her nearer loves
Surrendered are, and then forgotten quite.
Even so, my Anactoria, dear,
When with you dwells your heart's supreme delight,

[1] Translated from a recently discovered fragment of a poem by Sappho. Beyond doubt two stanzas at the very least are wanting in the papyrus. The last two lines in the Greek as given by Mr. Edmonds are conjectural.— *"Fireside Papers."*

When her sweet voice hath tender power to
charm,
Her lightest footfall and her beaming face,—
These I'd rather have than chariots bright,
And armèd troops the Lydian land doth
grace.

I know men have not in this world the best,
Yet pray to share what once was shared,
for so
'Tis better far than to forget and lose
The flower of love that blooms for us below.

SAPPHO.

DEDICATIONS

TO

MY BELOVED WIFE

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES, BECAUSE
ALL THAT IS GOOD IN THEM, AND MUCH OF
WHATEVER IS GOOD IN THEIR AUTHOR
COMES OF HER TENDER AND PURE
LOVE, AND IS DUE TO HER
DEAR COMPANIONSHIP

These pages are dedicated with tender love and great gladness of heart to my dear wife

PERSIS

When gaily o'er the fields she tripped,
The flowers they burst aflame;
My heart, that was a worthless weed,
A crimson rose became.

TO

MY DEAR WIFE

IN WHOSE PURE LOVE AND NOBLE COMPANIONSHIP
I HAVE FOUND GLADNESS OF LIFE
AND INSPIRATION FOR LABOR
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO
THE MEMBERS OF
THE AUTHORS CLUB
OF NEW YORK
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
AMBROSIAL NIGHTS
THESE QUATRAINS ARE DEDICATED

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